

6

6d



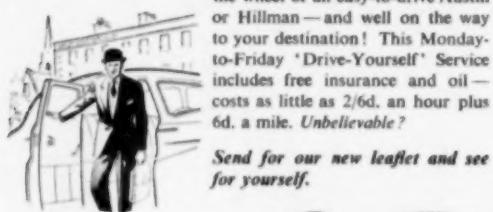
PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

DRIVE YOURSELF for 2'6 AN HOUR

plus 6d. a mile

(24-hour' rate—17/6 plus 6d. a mile)

When a sudden telephone-call sends you post-haste across country at the mercy of a suburban time-table... when an important client must be met and your car is in the garage at home... or when bad weather makes taxis hard to find and bus queues uninviting, here is an easy answer to your difficulties. Lift the phone and ask for SLOANE 3456. You can soon be at the wheel of an easy-to-drive Austin or Hillman—and well on the way to your destination! This Monday-to-Friday 'Drive-Yourself' Service includes free insurance and oil—costs as little as 2/6d. an hour plus 6d. a mile. *Unbelievable?*



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Tobler
CHOCOLATE
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A centre of fine delicate flavour exquisitely covered with velvet-smooth Tobler Chocolate.



Head and shoulders above the rest

GREYS are great

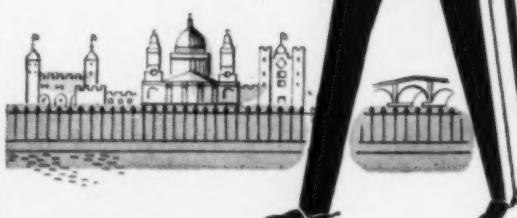
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In a changing world,

'Greys' still give
the Virginia smoker
the old satisfaction—
undiluted, unaltered

20 for 3/7

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ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED



CHARM to her wrist



This delightful gold bracelet carries gold charms that are beautifully, and often whimsically, designed. We

1088 illustrate a few from an attractive selection, any of which may be purchased separately.

1083 £3.10.0 1084 £3.10.0 1087 £3.10.0
1086 £5.15.0 1088 £5.0.0 1084 WITH ENAMEL £5



1084

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175 REGENT ST., W.1. 159-162 OXFORD ST., W.1. 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4.
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Whenever I see
hands in a stocking,
I think:
Ah-Aristoc!

Aristoc has a
hand in all the finest
stockings. Not
surprising—Aristoc makes
nothing else!
All Aristoc lines now have
the new welt, to give extra
elasticity. All Aristoc 15 denier
nylons are knitted with 40-
twist yarn—the yarn is twisted
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even greater strength, knitted
in alternate rows of right
and left hand twist.

Stockings by Aristoc are in
enormous demand for export and
you may not, alas, always find
them in the shops. But you'll
cherish them when you do . . .



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

THE UNFORGETTABLE GIFT

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FOR...

You give not only a beautiful watch, but a lifetime of accurate service, when you give a Smiths de luxe 15 jewel watch.

Made in the truest tradition of renowned British reliability and craftsmanship. Every watch has 16 day exhaustive timing test. Men's watches from £7. 15. 0. Ladies' from £8. 15. 0. Unconditionally guaranteed for one year, and sold exclusively by Jewellers.

SMITHS DE LUXE 15 JEWEL WATCHES

To Father

A. 204

Mingold 18 carat gold plated watch with stainless steel back and raised gilt numerals. £21. 19. 6. inc. P.T.

To Peter

A. 211

Resplendently designed watch with alternate arabic and baton numerals. Chrome and stainless steel case. £8. 15. 0. including P.T.

*To
Aunt
Gwen*

*To
Jean*

B. 207

Stylish model in chrome and stainless steel case. Raised gilt alternate arabic and baton numerals. £8. 19. 6. inc. P.T.

*To
Ethel*

B. 212

Attractive model, chrome and stainless steel case with cordelene strap. £8. 19. 6. including P.T.

B. 314
Another popular model in chrome and stainless steel case. £8. 19. 6. inc. P.T.

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AGREED—it is only a little gesture to provide the extra quality cigarette—but it makes a world of difference on special occasions.

PLAYER'S N°3 The Quality Cigarette



The boxes of 50 and 100 are available this year in decorative Christmas presentation cartons.

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CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

*A New
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Tie*

In a wide variety
of colours and patterns,
cut from the
Best Quality English Silk Squares 25/-

T.M. Lewin & Sons Ltd.

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ESTD. 1898

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delivery
from
darning



What a service TOOTAL socks perform to the public. Generous reinforcement at wear points keeps holes away for a very long time. EPILOX brand non-felting wool retains its shape and comfortable feel till the very last time on duty. And as a final assurance for peace of mind remember that they are fully covered by the TOOTAL Guarantee. 8/11 a pair

TOOTAL
socks need less darning

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Send a case of Harvey's famous wines
... from the Bristol Milk Cellars

Nothing can express goodwill quite so happily as the plain wooden case from Harveys of Bristol, filled with the Wines which have made Harveys and Bristol equally famous.

No. 1	FOR
1 bottle Falanda Sherry, <i>superior rich golden</i>	40s.
1 bottle Brown Cap Port, <i>old tawny</i>	40s.

No. 3	FOR
1 bottle Fino Sherry, <i>light pale dry</i>	50s.
1 bottle White Cap Port, <i>old full tawny, dry</i>	50s.
1 bottle Sauternes Supérieur	50s.

No. 5	FOR
1 bottle Merienda Sherry, <i>pale medium dry</i>	60s.
1 bottle Shooting Sherry, <i>full golden</i>	60s.
1 bottle Club Port, <i>old light tawny, special</i>	60s.

No. 7	FOR
1 bottle Bristol Dry Sherry, <i>very superior old fine</i>	70s.
1 bottle Hunting Port, <i>fine old tawny</i>	70s.
1 bottle Harvey's Reserve Cuvée Champagne	70s.

The charge includes carriage and package, and any case from our special Gift List will be delivered to any address in Great Britain in time for Christmas, if ordered before December 15th. Please write for this list — or choose from the examples quoted here.

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& SONS LTD., OF BRISTOL

FOUNDED IN 1796

By Appointment Wine Merchants to the late King George VI

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—they have such a good name

for quality tobacco

**A
cheque book
for
Christmas**



If you feel that your sons or daughters are old enough to have a cheque book why not give them a real token of your confidence by opening a current account on their behalf this Christmas?

**LLOYDS BANK
LIMITED**



**SECRETS OF
BOLS LIQUEURS.**

**A distillate of finest
Dutch caraway seeds,
a digestive quite exceptional...**

... that's Bolskummel. It is not surprising that the caraway seeds (and other rare herbs) from which it is distilled were once used to pay taxes, for such intriguing flavour and inviting aroma are the birthright only of a liqueur born to high estate. They are in fact the characteristics of a delectable digestive the extra dry quality of which is based on a centuries-old secret.

BOLSKUMMEL

* The House of Bols was founded in Amsterdam in 1673 — over thirty years before Rembrandt was born. Other Bols liqueurs include Apricot Bols, Cherry Bols and Dry Orange Curacao.



**"As good as a
watch by BAUME"**



As a gift to a friend the soundness and sureness of a BAUME watch has the merit of a valuable compliment. As a present

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Baume & Co. Ltd.

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LONDON & LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS



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Now that Christmas is near, why not make the Manchester Guardian Weekly your gift to friends and relations overseas? The annual subscription is low, and your gift becomes a constantly-recurring pleasure. The Manchester Guardian Weekly, with its fine reviews, articles and comments is the next-best-thing to its famous sire, the Manchester Guardian. It will be so welcome to the exile abroad.



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WEEKLY**

Subscriptions to the Circulation Manager, Manchester Guardian Weekly, Manchester 2. Yearly Rates: Surface Mail 10/6. Special Air Edn: Europe 38/4 U.S. and Canada 47/6. Middle East and North Africa 47/-. South Africa and Far East 58/8. Australasia, China and Japan 64/4. A greetings card will be sent with the first copy if requested.

You'll find them at Finnigans

a. **Flask** - a pint spirit flask with bayonet-type stopper. Silver-plate and pigskin. £7.25. 0
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Finnigans

BY BOND STREET

Presents wrapped ready-to-give in our festive Christmas paper of small extra cost. Your post orders welcomed.

17-18 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1, and at MANCHESTER, Hereford and Truro.

48

ONCE AGAIN YOU CAN GET
RADIAC REX—the king of shirts
 with multiple-weave
 collars and cuffs



Yes, Radiac REX are here again! They still carry the features which made them royally popular before the war: multiple-weave collars and cuffs, stylish cut, real comfort... and now extra easily fitted cuffs (and collars) to match your shirts are available.

Shirt and 2 collars	35/-
(for shirt only)	29/-
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Collar-attaching shirt	28/-
(Multiple-weave collar only)	

If you have any difficulty in buying Radiac REX shirts send us a postcard and we will gladly forward the name of your nearest stockists. Radiac Shirts, 63 Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2

Radiac REX SHIRTS

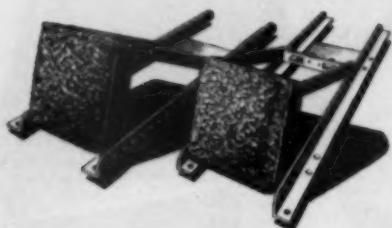


FOR TOWN & COUNTRY WEAR

...this top-quality glove, fashioned with all the traditional Dent's craftsmanship, is made in selected tan cape leather with beautifully warm real lambskin linings. A glove for comfort and hard wear.

EVERY DENT'S GLOVE has "hidden fit." Your glove-leather is so "controlled" that it never stretches lengthways out of shape, though it will stretch sideways to fit your hand snugly, warmly, for years. Dent's wide range includes fine hogskins and other good leathers, and a variety of linings. Ask your outfitter to show you the full range of Dent's gloves at prices for all pockets.

Dent's gloves have "hidden fit"

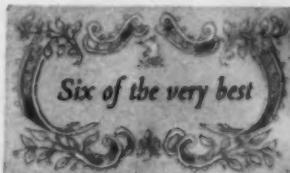


Of course it isn't everybody who would welcome a starting block as a Christmas present! For the sprinter, however, no finer choice could possibly be made... that is the great thing about buying Christmas presents at Lillywhites—you can find unusual gifts which are so absolutely right for all your sporting friends.

Lillywhites

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Specialists in Sports Equipment and Clothing



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CHAPLINS fine sheries

CELESTA a delicate pale dry Fino

MARINA a rare Manzanilla

SI TERESA distinctive Amontillado

PLAZA an old golden Oloroso

TOM BOWLING rich brown Oloroso

TARANTELA traditional dark sherry

and Concord ports

W. H. Chaplin & Co. Ltd., Tower Hill, London, E1



The famous Jane Seymour Cup made by Holbein for Henry VIII about 1536-7. It bears Jane Seymour's motto 'Bound to Obey and Serve'. The cup itself is known to have been still in the Royal collection at the time of Charles the First's execution in 1625.

*The
Holbein
touch*

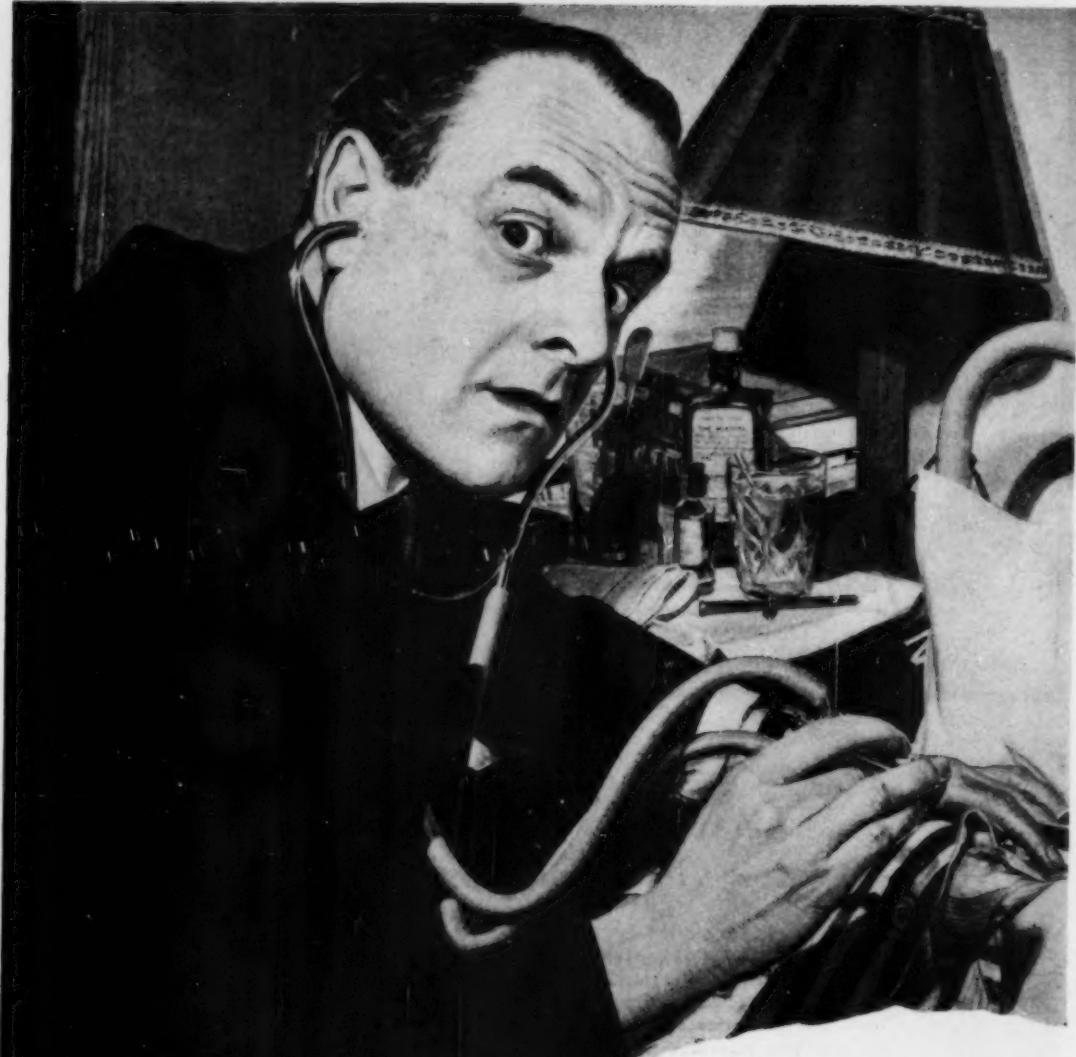
A master of jewellery design as well as of portraiture, Hans Holbein, with his skilful use of traditional materials, brought delight to the court of Henry VIII. If palladium had been known to him he might have surpassed even the finest creations of his time. Rarer than gold, this superbly suitable jewellery metal is fashion's choice for really exquisite white settings and re-settings. And it is being used for quite inexpensive pieces as well as for luxurious and spectacular suites.

Ask your own jeweller about palladium.



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Surely, it was later than that, Doctor?

Sir Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin in 1928, but it was many years before the benefits of this anti-biotic could be widely applied. In the large-scale production of penicillin, phosphoric acid is used to maintain correct conditions in certain stages of the process. This is yet another example of the ways in which

Albright & Wilson's phosphorus compounds are applied in manufacturing processes of the most diverse kinds, sometimes playing a major, sometimes a minor, but almost always a significant part.



Chemicals for Industry

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100-101



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'TRUVISCA'—

the shirt that's tailored by Luvisca Limited. 'Truvisca' shirts are comfortable, simply cut in either coat or tunic style—and above all, hard-wearing. 'Truvisca' shirts are made of a new Courtaulds' fabric—a blend of first-quality Egyptian cotton and high-tensile rayon that's as strong as it's handsome.

AND 'LUVEXE' COLLARS— they're semi-stiff—perfect appearance, perfect comfort.

AND, OF COURSE—

'LUVISCA' PYJAMAS

Old friends, these, and still the best pyjamas ever made—smooth, soft, roomy and plenty of patterns to choose from, including plain colours. We needn't tell you how well they wash and wear.

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The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used
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From the *Prints de "Banderas"* in the Alcázar.

Spain's rich heritage of fine architecture is exemplified by the magnificence of Seville Cathedral. Equally noteworthy are the sherries of Spain.

DRY SACK—an outstanding example—is matured, bottled and shipped by Williams & Humbert to the leading markets of the world.

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It is better for your machine to be serviced *before* it is put away for the winter. There is no chance of your overlooking it in the Spring when, incidentally, your Atco Depot will be very busy indeed. So, please contact your Atco Depot Manager now. Your Atco Supplier, if you wish it, can put you in touch.



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STATE EXPRESS 555

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TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

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There's nothing to equal
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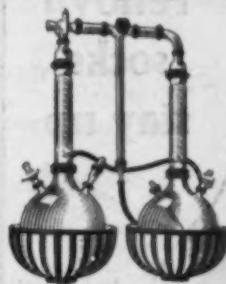
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— Joblings Sintered Glass Filters made entirely from 'Pyrex'. The filter disc has a pore size of approximately one micron — 1,000th of a millimetre — and will retain bacteria



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— the envelope of this cathode-ray tube is made entirely of 'Pyrex' to withstand high temperatures



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The Very Dry Australian SHERRY

No? But you should! DRYAD offers you that rare experience — a sherry of acknowledged excellence at a below-average price. DRYAD is a pale, very dry wine that has been soundly matured in wood to establish the characteristic flavour and finish of a fine "flor" sherry.

DRYAD Australian Sherry
15/6 a bottle

STOP PRESS DRYAD awarded First Prize for Export Dry Sherry in recent Australian Wine Championship Show, Adelaide.

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socks
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IN THE CUT-OUT

The lastex band
at the top
keeps them up
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keeps them
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from 7/6
Nylon
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THE electric hedge trimmer which makes work a pleasure. Ten times faster and better for the hedge.

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Models for mains
voltages, generators
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THIS electric cut-
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with all the drudgery
and tedium of sickle
or shears—and far
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Models for mains
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Make your choice the finest imported Jamaica. You'll get no finer cigars than these—no matter whence; and there's just a little more to it than that. Two virtues are peculiar to certain high-grade Jamaica cigars. Mildness—notable mildness—without sacrifice of character and flavour. And the very convenient attribute of being equally good to smoke in the smaller sizes. The wisest choice is still . . . La Tropical.

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Finest Jamaica Cigars

Sole Importers: LAMBERT & BUTLER OF DRURY LANE, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED

Extra Energy and Buoyant Health

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Two 'Supavite' capsules will supply you with your full daily needs of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, C, D, E and Nicotinamide . . . in addition 'Supavite' provides Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus. The combination of minerals with the vitamins in 'Supavite' is important as they act together to give the fullest nutritional benefits.

Compare
these high
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FORMULA

Each AMBER (Caprodeoxine):
Vitamin A . . . 0,000 1.U.
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Vitamin E . . . 1 mg. plus
one million wheat germ oil.

Each BLACK (Caprodeoxine):
Vitamin B₁ . . . 1 mg.
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'Supavite' capsules are guaranteed to contain vitamin potencies not less than stated in formula.

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Of all Chemists 5/- for 15 days' supply.

Also in Family Park, 16/3 for 60 days' supply (4 times 5/- size).

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Steel construction
for long life
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LIGHT**

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to the late
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Under a sky whose colour is a silvery variation on a theme of blue... High above the comfortable valley, but still as far as ever from the ancient, lonely peaks... Content for a moment with oneself, with one another and even with all the world... And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/-

—by ABDULLA

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WHAT A WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFT!

A wonderful beauty aid to possess, superbly designed and finished in gleaming cream plastic. It is perfectly balanced, easy to hold and use. There are two switches, one gives cold air, the other provides the flow of hot air. One of the real comforts of living, faultlessly made and guaranteed by G.E.C. The stand is an optional extra — of invaluable help — leaving both hands free!



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The G.E.C. hair dryer is a real comfort for the man of the house. His hair is dry in a couple of minutes, he need never be afraid of catching cold.

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No more tangles and tears. The G.E.C. hair dryer saves all the time and trouble of the towel-rubbing which children hate so much. Their hair is dry quickly, soft and gleaming.



THE **G.E.C.** HAIR DRYER

Other suggestions for Christmas are contained in a useful publication, "G.E.C. Electrical Christmas Gifts," a copy of which will be sent on request.

Electricity ensures true coal economy

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Cravats
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Jacqmar

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Luxury twin-sets in the newest colours. Made in Scotland of soft Lambwool, warm Lamgora and hard-wearing Shetland. Classic style, fully fashioned, superb quality and finish...perfection in knitwear.

HUNT & WINTERBOTHAM, 4 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.I.



....sweet interlude

How time flies! No sooner  do I break the seal on a box of these wonderful  ...no, ...ecstatic Regency Candies than one heavenly  mouthful leads to another  and another  and another and before I know where I am ... sorry darling I did mean to save you one!

.... But look! There's another layer!

CLARNICO
Regency
CANDIES

CLARNICO LIMITED
VICTORIA PARK, LONDON.



This is the Gin



For your Christmas Entertaining

SPECIAL DRY GIN

The gin of incomparable quality—"the heart of a good cocktail". Bottle 33/9d. $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle 17/7d. $\frac{1}{4}$ bottle 9/2d. Miniature 3/7d. U.K. only.

ORANGE GIN AND LEMON GIN

Delicious on its own, with tonic water or a splash of soda. Bottle 32/-. $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle 16/9d. Miniature 3/5d. U.K. only.

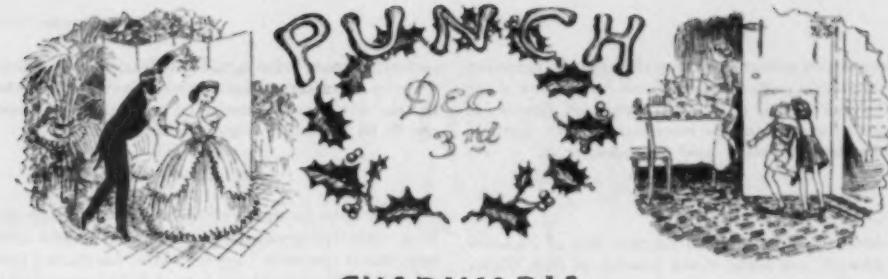
'SHAKER' COCKTAILS

'There's no comparison'—seven appetising varieties mixed by experts and ready to serve from 'shaker' bottles. Bottle 21/-. $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle 11/3d. Miniature 2/5d. U.K. only.

Gordon's

Stands Supreme





AMERICAN papers are said to be handling with caution the rumour that the press photographer who persuaded Mr. Truman and General Eisenhower to smile and shake hands before their twenty-minute meeting in the presidential office at the White House is to handle future truce negotiations in Korea.

Burlington Arcade Please Note
"TITO WILL RENEW WARTIME TIES DURING VISIT"
News headline

We are sorry we forgot to congratulate the *Taranaki Herald*, of New Zealand, on reaching its hundredth birthday earlier this year. A chance sight of its handsome centennial issue, with tributes from many other contemporaries on page one, has made us conscious of a missed opportunity. The editor of *The Scotsman*, for example, writes: "I congratulate the *Taranaki Herald* on becoming eligible to join the select circle of centenarian newspapers, a status which my own paper reached in 1917." The editor of *The Sydney Morning Herald* says: "As the oldest newspaper in Australia *The Sydney Morning Herald* takes special pleasure in sending its warmest congratulations..." The publisher of *The New York Times* has this: "Having completed the first hundred years in 1951, *The New York Times* has experienced the satisfaction of reaching this important milestone." The editor of *The Statesman*, Calcutta, does his level best with: "We in *The Statesman* recall that in 1852 our direct ancestor, *The Friend*

of India, founded in 1818, was vigorously maintaining its tradition . . ." There are more, including a note from *The Times* with facsimile reproduction of its letter-heading which embodies the date 1785, small, but clear. We wish that we had been among them. As it is, we can offer our congratulations to the *Taranaki Herald* only belatedly—and, of course, to *The Times*, *The Scotsman*, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, *The New York Times*, *The Statesman* and *The Friend of India*.

The reported desire of the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, for meetings between his own and the United Kingdom government at which consideration might be given to Japan's application for membership of G.A.T.T. has caused a familiar sensation of uneasiness among people who can never for the life of them think what the initials stand for.

"TV FOLLOWS A DIVER"
News headline
No escape.

The revelation that about seven thousand pounds is paid every week, at a rate of half a crown an hour, to the wives and families of Inland Revenue officials who bring home P.A.Y.E. assessments and other income-tax work for them to do in the evenings, has at



present drawn no comment from the ordinary taxpayer, who is awaiting a further statement on just how many of the half-crowns go to the wives and families in payment for assessing the income-tax due on the half-crowns they are being paid for assessing it.



According to a critic of the new film of *Pickwick*, not enough was made of the humour of Sam Weller. Perhaps he comes out more strongly in the telewized version!



"The mere fact of being able to fly faster in no way increases the risk. There are, in fact, only three dangers: structural failure; collision with the ground; and collision in the air."

A science article

It's the second one we keep thinking about.



With plastic handbags indistinguishable from leather, rayon underwear indistinguishable from silk,



and nylon coats indistinguishable from fur, a publicity drive by manufacturers of synthetics is shortly expected to take advantage of the trend by urging housewives not to be fobbed off with genuine articles.



In a note on the newly-published autobiography of a celebrated broadcasting personality, *Radio Times* says that it combines "a great deal of fascinating backstage information with the sort of B.B.C. stories which will be gleefully quoted in drawing rooms all over the country for many years to come." Recommended for all B.B.C. comedians.



Lure of Literature

"Real writers have to write: it is as necessary to them as breathing, eating or sleeping. Whatever may happen to their pocket, neither their imaginations nor their intelligences could . . ."

Letter to The Observer

"When I have addressed my 'Crostic' entry and there is any ink left on the pen-nib, I use this up by commencing to address my next week's envelope, instead of using a pen-wiper . . ."

Letter to Answers



YOURS ADVERBIAILLY

WHEN a man receives two letters in a day, each one ending with "Dictated by Mr. —— and signed in his absence," it is a pretty sure sign that he is slipping.

We do not mind receiving letters that have been dictated, provided that our correspondent, or dictator, takes the trouble to add

humanizing touches in longhand to his secretary's or the typing pool's work. One word crossed out, inserted or amended is enough to do the trick, to convert a remote and soulless communication into a friendly missive. A penned "P.S." however superfluous, futile or childish, is even better; it neutralizes the stark impersonality of the typoscript and gratifies our longing for intimate postal communion with our fellow-men.

I once received a letter beginning "Dear Sir,—Owing to some carelessness in the arrangement of my papers, for which I apologize, your letter has remained unanswered until now . . ." and proceeding on the same arrogant level right down to the final "Yours faithfully," and an indecipherable signature with an attached translation in typed capitals. This letter avoided none of the pitfalls of the dictator: there were pompous circumlocutions in every paragraph and a deadly repetition of the gambit "As regards . . ." Reading it, I could see the fellow at his desk—an ornate contraption, obviously—the tips of his

fingers pressed lightly together, his eyes on the ceiling (his secretary, I felt, wouldn't mind *that*), and his mind roving about among the clichés. A dreadful fellow. And yet, with one flick of his gold-filled aero-metric writing instrument he was able to recover from these blunders and put himself right with me. He had crossed out the words "over a sandwich" and substituted "at dinner at my club." It was nothing, and yet it was everything.

As a matter of fact only one of the letters I received this morning ended with "Dictated by Mr. —— and signed in his absence": the other tail-piece ran "Dictated but not read by Sir William ——." But both achieved their purpose of investing the recipient with a feeling of unworthiness and shame . . .

"There's one more letter, sir. You know, the one from that journalist."

"Oh yes, Hollinshead, Holly-head or something. All right, where is it? Dear Sir,—er . . . I am in receipt, etc. . . . In the circumstances I regret that . . . As regards . . . difficult to assess public reaction



... or ... perhaps you will be good enough ... yours faithfully. Sign it for me."

"You have met him."

"Oh, have I? Then make it 'Dictated by, and signed in his absence.' By the way, Miss Tavistock, you'll let me see those contracts some time to-day. No special hurry."

"Oh yes, sir."

One does not need a particularly powerful imagination to reconstruct these scenes.

"Good morning, Sir William."

"Morning, Miss Fetter. Everything under control?"

"Lord Whistle called, said he'd ring later."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing important. I'm not quite sure though how to answer this letter—from the man who wanted to know whether . . ."

"Oh, that! Standard Reply No. 5, I think."

"Grade two or three notepaper, sir?"

"Two, embossed. I knew his father."

"Will you sign it, sir?"

"Heavens, no! Really, Miss Fetter! Make it 'Dictated, but not read . . .' and get me some coffee."

"Immediately, sir."

I am wrong, you say, to brood like this on such trivial matters. I am too touchy, eh? Well, maybe, maybe. But if I had a secretary I think I should know how to deal with Mr. —— and Sir William. My reply would consist of pages of scalding innuendo and a "Yours faithfully," followed by "Dictated by Mr. H.'s secretary and unsigned in her absence." And no matter how many spelling mistakes she made I wouldn't touch the letter with a pen or a barge-pole.

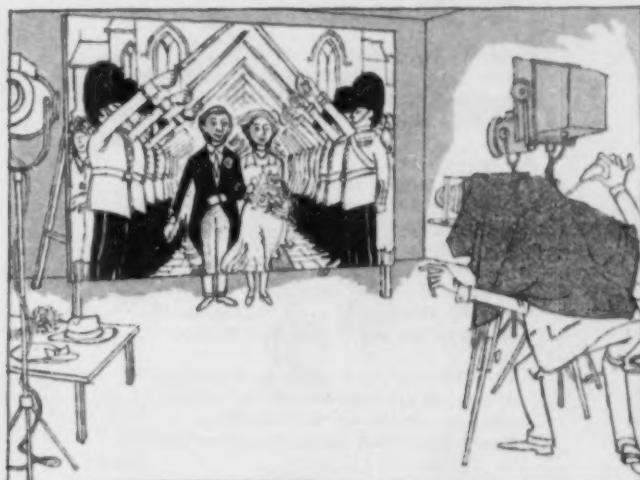
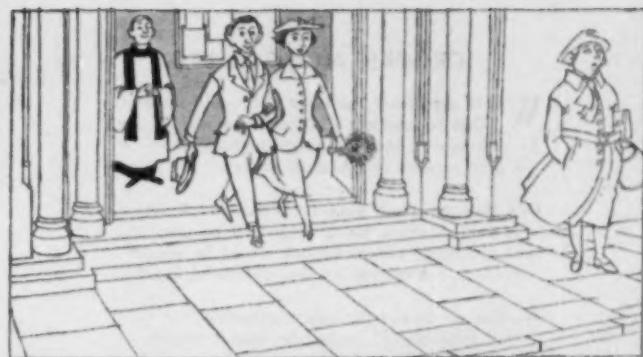
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



Having asked some weeks ago in this column, 'What has become of our kite-flying youngsters?' we add we've seen five in the last few days floating in the air over the railway track in the Strathmore-Valois area."

The Montreal Gazette

Well, what became of them?



A SONNET ON SOAP

SOAP has a beauty wholly of its own,
Being compounded of most stinking fats
Boiled up with caustic soda in great vats.
Solid is it, the likeness of a stone,
Yet still the source of airy bubbles, blown
Through Christmas pipes by men in funny hats;
Which bubbles fly around the room like bats
Round evening mansions, desert and alone.

When they have travelled but a little way
These bubbles burst, leaving the blank wall signed
With fading soap. So man, blown up from clay,
Shimmers around and leaves small trace behind.
And that, I think, is all I have to say
Of soap, and bats, and bubbles, and mankind.

R. P. LISTER

CROOKS AND CO., LTD.

WITH confidence, and yet with mild anxiety,
Due to reaction of a loathsome sort,
As chairman of the William Sikes Society
I here present our Annual Report.

Our Balance Sheet alike in minks and money
Is one of which we all may well be proud
And the whole future outlook would be sunny
Were it not marred by one distressful cloud.

We like to do our business unretarded,
Our members all prefer the easiest course;
Only where safes and tills are closely guarded
We turn to violence—we take to force.

Psychiatry and leisure, in conjunction
With food and games and comfortable beds,
Relieve us swiftly of that vast compunction
We feel on having bashed old people's heads.

But now it seems that in some fit of blindness
A section of the populace is bent
On changing for the milk of human kindness
The vinegar of corporal punishment.

This vile attack upon our ancient order
Affects each one of us to-night who roams
The frosty streets, and every willing boarder
In one of our superb Remedial Homes.

We can but hope that righteous indignation
Among our sympathizers will be weighed
Against the certain loss that vapulation
Would soon inflict upon our roaring trade.

EVOR

6 6

PILOT OF THE POOLS

II

IN our first lecture we discussed the clerical technique which every Judge, Bishop and Admiral must master who wishes to win £75,000 on the Football Pools. We now come to:

(b) *Operational*

You will receive a gaudy but neatly printed sheet (in which, by the way, there are never any misprints).

Little Squares

On one side are 1,696 little squares, on the other 984, a total of 2,680. All these squares refer to

certain pairs of football teams printed at the side. All you have to do to win a lot of money is to select some of these squares and write in them certain symbols indicating correctly the results of the matches selected.

Symbols

A win by the Home team is indicated by a 1; a win by the visiting or Away team by a 2; and a Draw by an X. Home wins are the most numerous, owing to what is called "ground advantage." You might suppose that trained professional footballers would play just as well in one place as another; but that is not always so. Like prime

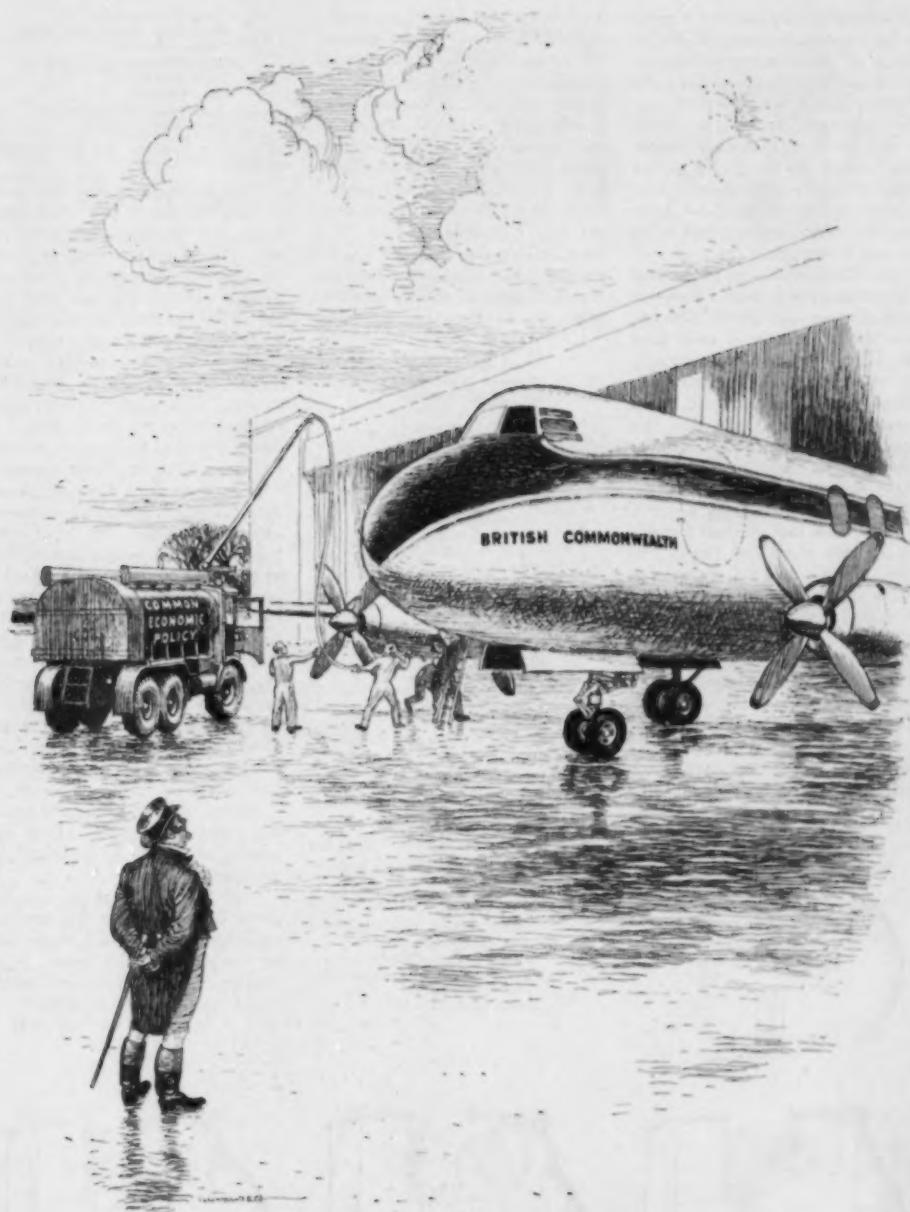
donne or thoroughbred racehorses, they are affected by the fatigue of railway-travel, by beds which are not their own, by strange dressing-rooms and arrangements—in short, by home-sickness. When the play begins they miss the friendly roar of their home supporters and are, it seems, intimidated by the prejudiced roaring of the fanatical natives. So an Away win is the peak of achievement, but not in the Pools. Here, when the three sorts of results come into competition, the Away win gets only 2 points and the inconclusive Draw gets 3. The reason is, of course, that Draws are comparatively rare. In fifty-four matches there are, in most weeks, eight to fifteen Draws, up to twenty Aways, and up to thirty Homes.

The Treble Chance

There are twelve different Pools on your sheet—some with many matches in them, some with only a few, the charming little "Family Four," for example. You may modestly select Three Draws, or Four Aways; you may pick Nine Results (of any sort); and there are other feats, more ambitious, to which we shall return in another lecture. But the Pool in which you will win your £75,000, my lord bishop, is the famous Treble Chance. Here you select eight matches, and put a dear little round o in the square opposite. Whatever the result, you score something for each match—1 for a Home, 2 for an Away and 3 for a Draw: hence the name Treble Chance. But since Draws are aces, the hope of all good men is to select eight Draws, counting 24, which is difficult to do, but is done by somebody nearly every week.

Methods of Selecting those Matches the Results of which will Win £75,000

(i) One highly scientific method is the method of Numbers. This is a favourite with beginners, and some investors never use any other. Every match on the sheet has a number, and you select those numbers which seem to you to be auspicious—the date of your birthday, your wife's birthday, your wedding day, your "call-up," your



FOR MAXIMUM PERFORMANCE

"A beautiful job—only needs the right fuel."

demobilization, the number of your car (this gives two), the number of letters in your surname, and so on. Some investors use the same numbers week after week and year after year: and, at least, it cannot be said of them that they "waste time" on the Pools. Down go the little o's in the ritual spaces, and, carefree and confident, the wagerer pops the postal order in and sends his ship to sea again.

(ii) The second scientific method is the method of Letters. Here you think of some appropriate message, take the first letter of each word and select your matches accordingly for the Home teams, which are printed first. For example: "God Save The Queen, Long May She Reign" might come out as: Gillingham, Stoke, Tottenham, Queen's Park Rangers, Leeds, Mansfield, Southampton, Raith Rovers.

One week that glorious formula would have given five Draws and three Aways (out of eight) and won a fourth prize of £1 4s. Some investors, with an egotistical trend, will bring "I" into their formulæ, for example: "I Really Think It's Time I Won Something." Natural enough, but, we must observe, wholly unpractical: for, by a malignant chance, there is only one team, Ipswich, beginning with I, and Ipswich, of course, is often an

Away team, and so, in those weeks, ineligible for the Letter Method. We advise beginners who favour this method to study the letter-frequency in the lists before they draft their magical sentences. There are, they will see, six A's, thirteen B's, twelve C's, thirteen S's, and seven W's. The vowels are the trouble—one I, six A's, as we have seen, three E's, one O, and no U at all. This method, therefore, requires a much tougher intellectual effort than the Numbers method. For the benefit of beginners, we offer a few suggestions:

Dear (Derby)
Footballer (Fulham)
Preserve (Preston)
Me (Middlesbrough)
From (Falkirk)
The (Tottenham)
Inland (Ipswich)
Revenue (Rotherham)
We (Wolves)
Don't (Doncaster)
Want (West Bromwich)
Money (Manfield)
For (Fulham)
Its (Ipswich)
Own (Oldham)
Sake (Swindon)
But (Brighton)
Only (Oldham)
To (Tranmere)
Counter (Chelsea)
Taxation (Torquay)
And (Aston Villa)
Inflationary (Ipswich)
Pressure (Partick)

But here, you see, we should be sunk without Ipswich and Oldham, and we have overworked Fulham.

How about "It is never too late"—! No, Ipswich again: "To be or not to be"—, Oldham again. Still, let us try some poetry:

Courage (Coventry)
He (Halifax)
Said (Sheffield Wednesday)
And (Aberdeen)
Pointed (Portsmouth)
To (Torquay)*
The (Tranmere)*
Land (Luton)

This (Tottenham)*
Mounting (Manchester City)
Wave (Walsall)
Will (Wrexham)
Roll (Reading)
Me (Millwall)
Shoreward (Southport)
Soon (Scunthorpe)

* Again? Yes, but T's are in short supply.

You see the idea, my lord, and we leave the rest to you. You may laugh, but the first time we ever won Three Draws we simply used our initials—Aeratington, Preston, Halifax. It is fair to add that we have tried the same method many times since, but without success.

(iii) The third method may loosely be described as The Pin System. This, in theory, is as good as many other methods. But, for purely practical reasons, we do not recommend the use of the ordinary domestic pin, which, to be employed with full effect, requires a compact and circular target. The list of football matches is long and narrow, the average pin-user may easily miss the target altogether, and thereafter is likely to concentrate unscientifically on the middle section of the list. It is better, we suggest, to use a pair of compasses or dividers. One leg should be planted somewhere on the right-hand of the sheet, and the other allowed to roam freely over the list, halting at the fancy or inspiration of the operator commands.

Some, however, may still prefer the carving-fork, with which the results of two matches may be predicted at once.

(iv) Then there is the Upside-down System. Here the investor turns his sheet upside-down so that he cannot see what teams he is backing. This, however, hardly counts as a scientific method.

A. P. H.



CASUAL VISITORS

"LOG fires are so cosy," said Dora, casually flinging out an arm to mask the cigarette-burn on the occasional table.

"Yes, indeed," said the elder Prout.

"It was so nice of you to drop in," said Dora. "I'm afraid we weren't expecting visitors. But, of course, we don't look on you as visitors."

"No, of course," said the elder Prout. "We were just passing."

"My husband," said Dora, "will be in at any moment. He has been working late. Winter is such a busy time. I haven't a moment to myself. I had just dropped into this chair from sheer weariness when you called. You mustn't think me a lazybones."

"We certainly know you're no such thing," said the younger Prout.

"That's very nice of you," said Dora. "I'm afraid I forget your name."

"Prout," said the younger Prout. There was a pause.

"Was there any special reason for your visit?" asked Dora.

"No," said the Prouts perplexedly.

"You mustn't look at the curtains," said Dora. "I was just going to hang new ones when you came. I haven't had a moment." The Prouts smiled politely.

"I'll just put the coffee on," said Dora, getting up. She was away ten minutes.



"The rain seems to have lifted," she said when she came back.

"Miserable weather," said the elder Prout.

"It is so nice having people drop in on one," said Dora. "I like to keep in touch. Have you any odds-and-ends of gossip? I'm a terrible one for gossip."

"We keep our eyes open," said the younger Prout. A silence fell on the company.

"My watch has stopped," said Dora at last. "The cold weather seems to make it temperamental. It was quite a good one when I bought it. That was before the war, of course, in Switzerland."

"It is just ten past nine," said the elder Prout, consulting his watch.

"My husband is late," said Dora anxiously. "But he said this morning that he would be late. He's not often late." She paused and stared thoughtfully at the assorted patterns of the coffee-cups.

"I'm always breaking cups," she said.

She stretched out her hands to the fire.

"Well," she said.

The Prouts sat composedly on the edges of their chairs.

"We could call later in the week to see your husband," said the elder Prout.

"Is there a message I could give him?" asked Dora.

"Just a social call," explained the elder Prout.

"Give him our best wishes," said the other Prout.

"Yes," said Dora. "I'm sorry you've had a fruitless visit. You must come again some time. I'm afraid you found me in a bit of a mess to-night."

"Perhaps Thursday," said the elder Prout.

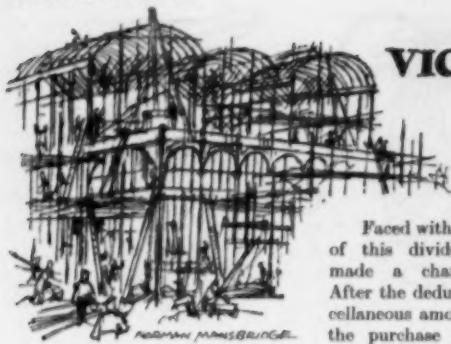
"Yes, of course," said Dora.

The Prouts got up.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Buttelle."

"Good-bye," said Dora. "Thank you for coming. You must come again some time when I'm not so busy."





VICTORIA AND ALBERT — 100 NOT OUT

ON the steps behind the Albert Hall there stands a monument to the Great Exhibition of 1851. Prince Albert poses gravely at its summit, his expression compounded of concern for the welfare of his people and anxiety lest they should judge him for ever by the larger and more florid memorial on the other side of his eponymous hall.

Some five hundred yards to the south-east as the balloon drifts, the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum has assembled, by way of a "Centenary Exhibition," an ineffable display of Victorian and Edwardian domestic art. The exhibition, to quote a Museum spokesman, is guaranteed to give you schizophrenia: the worst excesses of Victorian megalomania stand side by side with designs as exquisitely chaste as ever emerged from the workrooms of the Council of Industrial Design. But one thing is quite clear, that there was a definite movement towards better design in the Victorian age.

The Prince Consort died in the year that William Morris opened his workshop, and probably he never knew how much he had done to rescue Britain from artistic darkness. For it was he, to a great extent, who did rescue us. We do not lightly erect monuments to exhibitions in this country; the South Bank site was barely cold before the workmen were tearing at the Dome and the—what was it called? —the Skylon; but the exhibition that Prince Albert gave us in 1851 was different in a very important way. It made a profit of £186,000.

Faced with the task of disposing of this dividend, Prince Albert made a characteristic decision. After the deduction of certain miscellaneous amounts it was used for the purchase of the South Kensington site where the museums congregate to-day. Included among the miscellaneous amounts was an item of five thousand pounds allotted to the Department of Practical Art (a young but lusty child of the Board of Trade) with which to buy from the exhibition a number of objects of applied art as a nucleus for a Museum of Manufactures. This rather forbidding entertainment was opened on the first floor of Marlborough House in the autumn of 1852; it is that opening that the Victoria and Albert is celebrating now, for out of the Museum of Manufactures grew the collection now housed within those opulent red walls at the corner of Cromwell and Exhibition Roads.

The avowed objects of the Museum of Manufactures were "the improvement of public taste in Design" and "the application of fine art to objects of utility." What exactly did the public—who flocked

there—expect to see in so earnest a display? Whatever it was, apparently they did not see it, for only a short time after its opening the museum felt it necessary to change its name to the Art Museum; and hardly had the public become accustomed to this when another metamorphosis transformed it into the Museum of Ornamental Art. This might very well have stuck; but it happened that in 1857 Marlborough House found itself scheduled for a more exalted fate. It was to become the official residence of the Prince of Wales.

Central as the Marlborough House site was, the move was probably an excellent thing. Contemporary pictures show the exhibits huddled closely inside cases whose inward-slanting glass seems expressly designed to interpose the visitor's reflection between himself and the exhibit. At South Kensington, on the estate Prince Albert's thoughtfulness had prepared against its coming, there was rather more spaciousness—although the South Kensington Museum, as it was officially christened, contained within its walls not only the Ornamental





Arts but such widely-contrasted collections as Architectural Examples, Appliances for Scholastic Education, Materials for Building and Construction, Substances Used for Food, Animal Products, Models of Patented Inventions, and Reproductions by Means of Photography and Casting.

The future Victoria and Albert was housed in an iron structure having something of the look of three oversize Nissen huts: Nissen huts not being known at the time, they were nicknamed the Brompton Boilers. (They were removed in 1867 and re-erected to hold the Bethnal Green Museum—an offshoot of the "V. and A."—as they still do.) As the collection grew, so more building was undertaken, until at last it was decided that it should be given a home worthy of



its fame. A competition was held for the design, which was won by Mr. Aston Webb. On May 17, 1899, Queen Victoria laid the foundation-stone. It was the last major ceremony she ever performed; faithful to the last, she took the opportunity to direct that the new museum should be known as the Victoria and Albert. Ten years later, the Patented Inventions and the Substances Used for Food having been banished to the west of Exhibition Road, the new building was opened by King Edward VII. The artistic cuckoo had the South Kensington nest to itself.

During the late war, the more valuable exhibits were removed to safety in Wiltshire, and the rest were huddled into the securer parts of the building, under arches and the like. The appointment of Sir Leigh Ashton as Director in 1945 thus came at exactly the right moment. The exhibits needed re-deploying; Sir Leigh, who is as much a virtuoso of museum technique as Menuhin is of the violin, was just the man to re-deploy them. The old system of having all the ceramics together in the ceramics galleries, all the metalwork in metalwork galleries, and so on, was discarded in favour of a system of "primary collections." The primary collections display masterpieces of all the arts *together*, the link being that of period or nationality. Thus the greatest masterpieces of all the arts are shown against a sympathetic background; while for the serious student who wants to see (say) all the textiles in the museum's possession there are also "study collections" of each art which enable him to do so.

The effect is to make the "V. and A." quite the gayest museum

there is. Apart from the imaginative overall display-scheme, the actual details of the methods of display, involving cunning tricks with lighting and mounting, mirrors and silver paper and perspex, are unfailingly stimulating and show the lovely exhibits at their best. In the majority of cases the arrangement is Sir Leigh's personal achievement.

It is this genius for showing everything at its best, combined with a painstaking determination to find the best of everything, which stamps the present exhibition with such quality. Examples of all that is best from the Victorian and Edwardian periods have been unearthed; some glowing Morris fabrics, whole bolts of them, were discovered in Zurich, in mint condition. And just as one is wondering how one could have so gravely misjudged the Victorians, one comes up against a roccoco monster with vice in every line. On the one hand, the lovely austere silver tea-service by Christopher Dresser; on the other, that enormous cabinet, too vast to furnish anything but the self-satisfaction of its designer, which was conceived as an example of British design to be exhibited in a foreign exhibition.

Perhaps it is this that gives the Prince Consort that earnestly determined look. His shade can relax now; his work is justly crowned.

B. A. YOUNG





"Look up 'herdic' in the Oxford English; see if you can find an eleven-letter alternative for 'courage' in the Thesaurus; work out an anagram for 'orfruw,' meaning a narrow trench; and then ring up the Natural History Museum and find out what two-word omnivorous mammal always produces quadruplets of identical sex."

An Occasional Six-Stringed Cherong

MANLEY gazed at himself in the mirror. Not a bad face, he thought. It would look impressive against dark wooden paneling, with gold lettering in the bottom right-hand corner. Perhaps a little too introspective, but this gave him a thoughtful air that he considered not unbecoming. It couldn't be called handsome but it had good bone structure.

Clara, who was brushing her hair, said "You've been staring at yourself for five minutes. What are you thinking about?"

Manley rubbed his chin reflectively, trying to set his mouth in a firm line, the mouth of a man of action as well as a man who could philosophize with the best of them. For a moment Hal Manley sat in the Mermaid Tavern and swopped a joke with Marlowe—Kit, as Manley called him, standing another round of sack.

"What are you thinking about?" Clara repeated. She had turned to him, her arm moving rhythmically.

Manley gave a short, hard laugh. "I was just thinking of Elizabethans," he said. "Do you realize there haven't been any Elizabethans since Elizabeth? Now we're Elizabethans, all of a sudden. It's quite a responsibility." He lunged at her across the dressing-table. "Spitted like a capon!" he cried, and plunged his sword, back in its scabbard. "That was the life. They'd dash off a sonnet before dinner and then go out and give some caitiff a flesh wound. Flashing rapiers and flashing wit." He exhaled sharply.

Clara smiled. "You can't fence a stroke," she said. "You're sometimes reasonably witty, I admit, but I don't think you know enough about Greek gods and goddesses to swop all those classical jokes."

Manley started to put cuff-links in his shirt. "I'm not thinking of myself as one of those characters," he said, coming back from a good game of bowls where he had been as near as a toucher a dead-heat with Francis Drake. "I was just thinking that we're Elizabethans—and what

are we doing? We're going to a symphony concert."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" Clara asked. "There's nothing that Bacon could have objected to in that, is there?"

Manley grimaced. "Nothing wrong with it," he said. "It's just unenterprising, that's all. Tame, that's what it is. *They* didn't have to go and sit in rows with four thousand other taxpayers and hear somebody else play. They could all dash off something of their own on the virginals. That's my point. They were all dab hands at something. Song and swordplay." He pulled the shirt over his head and muffled his voice. "They could write a poem and sing it to their own accompaniment. What do we do?" His head came out of the top. "Listen to the wireless, and give ourselves eyestrain in front of a television set. Dull, we are. Football watchers, ice-cream fanciers, window-box experts."

Clara looked shocked. "Don't tell me you want to bring cock-fighting and all that back," she said. "Besides, you haven't got the legs for doublet and hose."

Manley sighed. "You're missing the point," he said. "I'm not saying we'd all better wear swords and chop people's heads off on Tower Hill. What I'm saying is we've lost adventure. They really lived in those days. We catch cold." He went back to looking at himself in the mirror. He was picturing himself in a beard and a ruff sentencing Doughty to death in the Straits of Magellan. He wasn't sure of Magellan, so pictured himself with a beard and a ruff asking the master-gunner to sink the ship. Sir Richard Manley and the dogs of Spain.

"I've been thinking," he said. "I've a good mind to show some enterprise this autumn. About the most adventurous thing I do is call a taxi. Well, I may not be able to fence, but I can tackle the other part."

"What?" asked Clara.

Manley was struggling with his collar. "Music," he panted. "I'm sick of not being able to play a note. I'm going to learn."

"The virginals?" Clara said.

"Not enough dash about virginals," Manley said. "No, something individual, with a hint of lyricism. Say the Spanish guitar."

"I don't think the Spanish guitar could have been a popular instrument at the time," Clara said. "From all I hear, relations with the Spaniards were a bit strained. I should think any Spanish guitar player wound up in the clink."

"I wish you wouldn't take me literally," Manley said. "I'm making a general case. I'm not saying the Spanish guitar was even invented in Elizabeth's day."

"It must have been," said Clara. "The Spaniards have always had the guitar. Where do you think the Elizabethans got it from? Hawaii? They hadn't discovered it yet."

"Not the six-stringed variety," said Manley quickly, who had been looking in shop windows recently, attracted by the idea of plucking a chord or two and singing in a pleasant baritone.

"Anyway," said Clara, nettled, "you don't know a single note. I should think you'd have to know some music before you start."

"I could learn," said Manley. "I did, as a child. They made me practice the piano till I kicked the panels in because I wanted to go out





and play hot rice. I can still remember some of it, so I should be all right. The groundwork's there, I mean."

"What do you remember?" said Clara, regarding the effect of lipstick. She stuck her lips out. This always made her look judicial and distant.

"The lines," Manley said, settling his collar down and reaching for his tie. "E-g-b-d-f and the spaces in between. F-a-c-e. They're all notes."

"Well, that gets us a long way," Clara said. "It's all over bar buying the instrument. A man with a flying start like that should be able to conquer the guitar in about four days, I should think. It's just a matter of learning the fingering and so on. Child's play."

Manley had tied a bow that resembled a rose in bud under one side of his collar. He jerked it loose and started again.

"You ought to be encouraging me," he said. "I don't suppose that Raleigh had to endure the jeers of his wife when he started looking for the potato. She probably hinted that tobacco was just around the corner."

"I don't think he had a wife," Clara said, watching him. He had now tied an enormous drooping moustache. He pulled one end and rested before starting again. "I think it would be rather pleasant," he said. "You can take it with you. People would like to have a man who could play the guitar. Think of all the free meals. I might even become a virtuoso." He began a

third attempt at the tie and Clara lay back in the chair and watched him.

"I rather fancy myself," he said, "singing charming little songs with an occasional chord. You know." He held a guitar and strummed on it. "Cherong," he said. "And that thing they do with their fingers, knocking on the wood. Exciting."

"Whatever happens," Clara said, "I refuse to learn to play the recorder." She went over to him and tied the tie in a neat, safe bow. "Look," she said, "one of the first essentials for playing the guitar is manual dexterity. You haven't got any. Give up the whole idea."

They went out. As he was shutting the door Manley said "It doesn't have to be a guitar. I could learn to play the trombone. No manual dexterity needed. I understand that all you do is shove it out and pull it in again."

"I don't think the trombone is philosophically right for an Elizabethan," Clara said, "especially if he likes to let the other Elizabethans get their sleep. Besides, it's not possible to sing charming little songs and accompany yourself on the trombone."

Manley was thoughtful on the way to the concert hall. He kept gesturing, but she couldn't tell whether he was parrying shrewd thrusts or practising the trombone. When they arrived he said "You know, it's not surprising I preferred hot rice to music. It's just struck me they were trying to put over a moral lesson. Every good boy deserves favour. It's propaganda

for the Fauntleroys." They went up the stairs. "Why didn't they give you something that would appeal to a boy—some anti-hot rice slogan? For example: Eat ginger biscuits—delicious flavour."

"What, as a grown man, would help you memorize the guitar this winter?" Clara asked.

"Enormous great beers delivered free," Manley said promptly.

Throughout the overture Clara could see that he was putting in some very deft accompanying chords.

2 2

THE LANGUAGE

"IT's not much good going to settle in Central Africa," said my Uncle Edwin, seeing me off at Tilbury, "unless you know the language."

"What language?" I asked him.

"Blowed if I know," he said. "Whatever lingo they use in those parts, I suppose."

What makes me think of my Uncle Edwin is this proof-correcting I am doing.

"Wanaokamilisha" and "wamejichagulia" and "nikimzungumzia" and so on are making me a bit swimmey in the head. I don't know the language, but they tell me it is Swahili.

I start on a new galley.

"Amalandilwe yakaponjisya," it begins—reasonably enough—and a little later remarks "umunfyompa nga wachiwinsile nvwilliliili—"

I look at it again, comparing original copy with proof. The copy, "nvwilliliiliiliili", and the proof, "nvwilliliili", look very much the same. But are they?

I take off my glasses, polish them and examine the thing once more. I decide to count the l's and the i's—but they come out differently every time.

I appeal for help.

"Hey, Bonifacio! What's this?"

The grave young black face studies the copy and the proof. Bonifacio is a serious-minded person. He speaks splendid English and

continuous Chimambwe. He is Standard Six and often says so.

"This galley is Chifipa, sir. It is not Swahili."

"But does it mean anything? And if so, what?"

"I cannot say, sir. I am Mambwe and it is not my language. Neither is it Chiwemba, sir."

I appeal for more help.

"Hey, Benedicto! What's all this?"

Benedicto is the foreman compositor. He is Bemba. He speaks Chiwemba, Swahili, Kitchen Kaffir and French—but not English. He is not Standard Six, but he doesn't mind. Nor do I.

He is holding his little tweezers in his hand. These are really eyebrow tweezers from the ladies' department of our village store—because "they" wouldn't give me a Special Import Licence to buy compositors' tweezers—but we don't worry about that. Eyebrow tweezers are very good.

He smiles happily. He raises his arm like a dart-thrower. He suddenly sends the eyebrow tweezers spinning lightly through the air the whole length of the composing room and in a high little voice like a canary he says "N-n-n nvil-il-ilili. That's what it means," he says in Kitchen Kaffir, "some little thing flying like that through the air."

In a moment Benedicto, Charlie, Jonathan, myself and even Bonifacio (who is Standard Six) are

all laughing happily, crying out, "Nvwilliliili . . ." and sending little bits of paper flying through the air.

It is clear immediately that Benedicto is quite right. Without doubt that is the meaning of the word.

It was then that I wished I had taken my Uncle Edwin's advice and had learned the language, because I wanted to ask Benedicto in Swahili, Chiwemba, Chimambwe, Chifipa, Kitchen Kaffir or French: "Can you describe a spiral staircase?"

He would have answered, of course (in Swahili or Chifipa, perhaps), "It is like a corkscrew."

I should then have asked him to describe a corkscrew and he would have twiddled his finger in the air and cried "Biromburuburuburu . . ." or something (quite possibly in Sikololo or Silosi).

I should have liked that.

2 2



Musings of an Hospitable but Short-sighted TV Owner

TO-NIGHT I toast my absent friends,

And take a forward pew—
Reflecting how their distance lends
Enchantment to my view!

BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

AFTER I got mixed up in the window-dressing display at Claggett's Mammoth Department Stores it took me a considerable time to get unmixed. Apart from Mr. J. Claggett's invitation to me to appear in the window twice daily during the rush hours, there was a Progressive Lunching Men's Club wanting me to read a paper on "Surrealism and Super-Salesmanship," eight offers of marriage, and an abusive letter from a man who signed himself "Sir Alfred."

I thought the best thing would be to ignore the whole lot, but Mr. J. Claggett was persistent. Every day about noon he'd be on the 'phone trying to pick my brains or something. "That you, Hackenstraw?" his secretary's secretary's secretary would say, and I'd hear them handing me on from office to office until finally I'd get through to the private suite where Mr. J. Claggett would be lying around in his sunken bath getting ready to grapple with the day's problems.

"I got some egg-whisks," he would say, in the intervals of sipping a glass of pink sparkling wine—"egg-whisks, grossed at three under the four and retailing at eight nine a half. Whaddaya-think?"

"Do they whisk?" I'd say.

"I got one here," Claggett would say. "Listen!" and I could hear him trying to whisk up the mire in the shallow end of his bath.

"You might use them for a motif," I'd say. "You could build a Kitchen Week around them," and Claggett would leap out of his bath and call a conference, and pretty soon the whole building would be festooned with these whisks, and forty fat men in white suits would be parading round the town with frying-pans at the ready and placards on their backs saying "IT'S KITCHEN WEEK AT CLAGGETT'S!"

Things might be quiet for ten days, and then the 'phone would go and Claggett would be saying he had fifty dozen gross of faulty plastic mixing-bowls on his hands, and I

would put him on to the Wethaprupe Hats Section in his own basement; and so it would go on, but threatening to get cumulative if I didn't watch myself.

About this time also my home life was entering on a distracting phase. I was beginning to notice that when I got home for tea my wife would be wearing evening dress and a big rope of pearls, and the meals were coming out of bigger and bigger tins. My wife was talking a lot too, great swathes of stuff about the Monetary Situation, Home Decorating, and the Century of the Common Woman, which I found out later she'd been getting out of *Lady and Leisure*, where Pauline Prune was running a series called "Keeping Up With Your Man."

Once she said "Why don't you bring some of your business associates home unexpectedly some evening?" I said I'd be glad to and when? And my wife said just any time, as long as it was unexpected.

I thought about this, and I thought I'd invite my secretary Miss Podmarsh and her friend Bertha home with me some evening; but when I told Miss Podmarsh she said she'd like to but she didn't think Mrs. Hackenstraw would like it. She thought Mrs. Hackenstraw meant associates more on the executive level sort of. She said if she had been Mrs. Hackenstraw—and I had to stop the conversation at this point because she was going to bit pink round the nose, which is always a bad sign.

So I phoned Mr. J. Claggett and he was all for it. He told me to pick him up at his club around six.

Claggett was in the smoking-room with the secretary he takes around to do his drinking. "He's glad to see you," the secretary said. "He's got a lot on his mind. We just took delivery of a hundred gross of V-neck purple jerseys in error. You ought to see those jerseys! He needs your help, Hickenloop." He swallowed another drink, and then Claggett cleared his throat

and patted himself on the waistcoat and we moved off.

Conversation in Claggett's Rolls was pretty lively, with this secretary telling me the details about the number of drinks he'd had to take at the various crises in Claggett's life. Before very soon we were at the house, and it was when we were walking up the path that I remembered that this was my wife's night for doing a home perm on herself. Looking up at the bathroom window I seemed to see she'd about reached the point of no return in this operation.

It was a moment for quick thinking. I let us in quietly and the secretary seemed to get the idea, but Claggett started muttering about these purple jerseys, and when I got them into the living-room the secretary went round trying all the cupboards and Claggett followed him talking more and more loudly.

I was just considering how I could keep them quiet while I went and opened a few tins, when my wife made her entrance. She was wearing a pink tea-cosy crammed down over her head, so she had to stick her chin in the air to see where she was going, and a purple V-neck jersey teamed with a long brown cut-away skirt she'd made from a *Lady and Leisure* blue-print. "What's all this?" she said.

"Business associates," I said.

There was a bit of a silence, and I could see Claggett working pretty hard at his cigar and narrowing his eyes as he looked at my wife through the smoke screen. After a bit he turned to me. "I gotta hand it to you, Hackenstraw," he said. "I don't know how you do it, but I gotta hand it to you. This'll certainly bring 'em in!"

Next day they were filling the basement with sand and building a couple of pyramids and preparing to launch the CLAGGETT ANCIENT EGYPT FASHION WEEK. Saturday morning Claggett was on the 'phone again. "About those pink hat things," he said. "Where do I get them?"

WHY, NIGHT, YOUR HASTE?

EVENING leans
from the West's tall tower
her face more tranquil
than any flower.

She has no need
of stars to tire
her hair, like smoke
from a wood fire
drifting through trees
in the half-light
gossamer-brushed
across the night;
but from the glittering
jewel-box
which her dark sister,
Night, unlocks
she takes, to clasp
her cloak of air,
a trembling diamond
solitaire.

Why, Night, your haste
to deck your hair ?
R. C. SCRIVEN

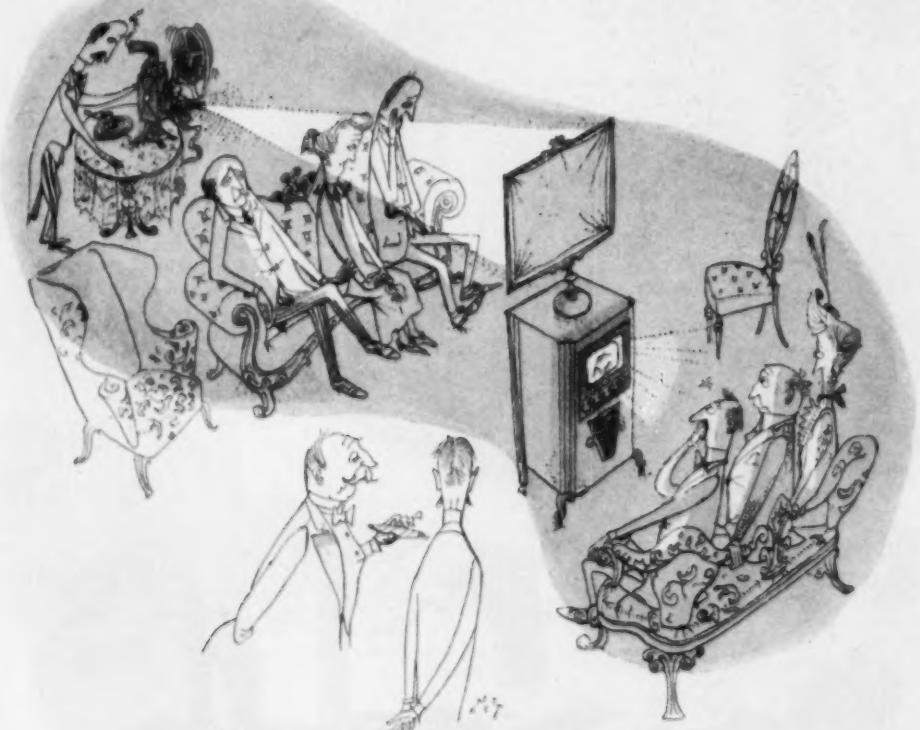
FESTIVITIES

THIS Belle-lettre begins with the Feasts of the Gods. These feasts were boisterous enough but very unadventurous in menu: the Olympic house-keeper must often have wondered wearily whether the ambrosia for the next meal should be fried or done up with a nectar sauce. The gods were more mirthful than witty at table, and a real, quotable wit like Whistler would have been wasted on them. The gods were also quarrelsome, and instead of throwing little balls of cotton-wool at fellow diners they would throw thunderbolts. It being impossible to give an immortal his quietus, the bolts flew to and fro for hours and the scene must have resembled a reunion of intoxicated weight-lifters.

Much more improving is it to contemplate the

decorous frolics of the Fellows of All Souls who, every century or so, clamber over the roofs singing a song about a mallard. To this ingenious diversion may be attributed the qualities that have given the College such a hold on Church and State. The libretto is printed in the biography of Archbishop Lang, and it seems as though much must depend on the tune. The opportunities provided by these revels of pushing the eminent off eminences are rarely taken advantage of, unless the hold of the College is so firm that it can get news stories hushed up.

Quite a different kind of Festivity was the Mediæval Tournament, where few of the participants could have written M.A. after their names, or even the names themselves. There was a very sporting atmosphere, with no taint of professionalism, as the only prizes were things like gloves and roses. Ladies, Fayre and Unfayre, beamed over the proceedings from boxes, and even kings deigned to take an active part, though



"Now, my boy, what d'you fancy? 'Our Holiday Frolics,' from Bognor Regis, or
'Murder Most Vile,' from Alexandra Palace?"

their deigning did not go as far as defeat. These jolly occasions differed from the modern tournament in eschewing mixed doubles and tea.

Of course, the very best place to see tea in action was *chez* Mrs. Thrale, the winsome hostess of Streatham. My understanding of what went on there is a bit blurred owing to Mr. Thrale's not being a Mincing Lane tea merchant, as one would expect, but an eminent brewer. This has left me with a confused picture of the Great Cham giving counsel to Great Anna Mirabilis amid Swans of Lichfield, Swans of Avon, and Gloriana. Despite the social properties of tea, libations were rarely poured in it, and its status as a beverage was so low that only the most insensitive host would have served it to Omar Khayyám.

From Omar it is but a tiny jump to Lord Curzon, both having been men about Persia. This peer's party manners were very proconsular and he is usually thought of as riding on elephants. It is only fair to add that few men could have got more out of riding on an elephant, and it is sad that his appointment as Foreign Secretary limited this form of self-expression to an occasional afternoon at the Zoo.

As a change from High Life, let us now turn to watch the revels in a typical Thieves' Kitchen. Tousled heads are tossed provocatively. Foul cutties puff smoke into cap-shaded eyes. Greasy packs of cards are spilt on the floor during disputes over bets. The swag awaits division at the end of the evening, hanging meanwhile from the withered branches of a stunted Christmas tree. Female names are monosyllabic, mainly Moll or Meg. The men are either hysterically anonymous or have nicknames ending in "er." However, despite a lack of brotherliness in the atmosphere, it is at least not the kind of kitchen that relies entirely on the tin-opener, and the absence of labour-saving devices shows that cooking is taken seriously, as a discipline if not as an art.

The Romans, being decadent, dined lying on couches, and while this attitude was probably helpful for asparagus it must have been a handicap with other dishes. The Romans of the Republic, when Mothers were grim and sometimes replaced by wolves, no doubt dined vertically, but their diet was so sparse that nothing was gained except floor-space. Roman festivities centred on food, whereas a Greek party was generally built round Socrates, who talked on and on, his fellow Greeks getting steadily less festive. The ageing Progressive is a cortex-chilling subject, and Mr. Angus Wilson's biography, *Hemlock and Before*, is eagerly awaited.

I do not suggest that there are not many other kinds of public gaiety: this is a cross-section, not an inventory. There are, for example, visits to lighthouses by the crews of other lighthouses, Parents' Matches and Harp Contests. I select for conclusion one festivity that is very dear to my heart, and for sentimental reasons I bring it in here though it cannot have a very wide appeal: the Walpurgia Night. It would be indeed wearing my heart on my sleeve to particularize further.

R. G. G. PRICE

DISJOINTED

"To do the honours of the table gracefully is one of the outlines of a well-bred man."

Lord Chesterfield, "Letters"

A WELL-BRED man is one who must be able To do the honours at the dinner table. For instance, if his hostess's affection Provides a fallow deer which needs dissection, To "break" for distribution to each platter He'll find a quite uncomplicated matter; Her peacock's first "disfigured" with a flourish, He "lifts" a swan his fellow guests to nourish; With fine aplomb he serves her friends and cronies With thin "leached" brawn and deftly "unlace" conies; "Spoils" them a hen or two, or "tires" an egg; "Dismembers" for her pets a heron's leg; Or if perhaps invited for pot luck "Tames" a few crabs, "unbraces" each a duck— Serving no man too little, nor too much, The meal embellished by his modest touch.

Indeed, it seems a man deserves to starve Who thinks that he has merely got to "carve."



"You chew the gum and put the cotton wool in your ears. I have to say that—it's orders . . ."

THE RUNAWAY

UNDER the overhanging chestnut boughs, picking her way on small, delicate feet through the last brown leaves on the pavement, she strolled ahead of me towards Epsley. She checked as a truck came round the curve. Her head turned sideways slowly, always, I thought, a little behind the swing of the truck, so that all the way round she must have been looking at it out of the corner of her eye. She and the driver exchanged long glances. The note of the engine dropped slightly as his foot hesitated on the accelerator. Then it picked up again, and they were past each other.

But she was wondering now. She hesitated again. Then she stopped, switched her tail once or twice sideways, raised her head and gave a long, rather uncertain moo. Then she stepped off the pavement and struck across the road.

Action broke out on all sides. It was like the start of a play, after the bit of silent preliminary business while the audience absorb the set. A saloon car, going my way, stopped with a panic-stricken squeal just short of her. A delivery-van, coming to meet us, gave forcible slow-down

signals to a coach and a brick-lorry following it. Mrs. Beecher came out of her shop, put her hand to her face, said "There!" and went in again. I walked two steps quickly, ran two, and stopped with my mouth open.

The cow stopped, too, and put her head down, as though about to charge the saloon; and the driver and two passengers leaned forward simultaneously, like a boat's crew, to take the shock. Then she turned her head, blew at the delivery-van, switched her tail, minced back to the pavement and resumed her march towards Epsley.

A general *déâlente* followed. The people in the saloon, again moving as one, leant back and looked guiltily at each other. The delivery-man shrugged and slammed in his gears. The coach-passengers, many of whom had evidently not seen a cow before, watched her eagerly through the windows as she went by. A mother held up her child and pointed. Everybody smiled, except the driver of the brick-lorry, who looked as if he didn't hold with animals.

The engines accelerated. Normal traffic was, in the best tradition,

resumed. All the people whose eyes had met mine in those wild moments disappeared. I was alone on the pavement, with the cow making the pace ahead and my conscience goading me fiercely from behind. I felt certain that the present state of affairs must be ended and that it was up to me to end it. On the other hand, I did not know the proper alternative. I did not even know where she had come from. Meanwhile she was getting away. I quickened my pace. She broke into a shambling trot. I groaned, and started to run.

I closed with her gradually, hampered by a vivid mental picture of Man Chasing Cow. On the whole I thought I would keep within striking distance of her (though I had no wish to strike her at that stage) and see that she did not run out into the road again. That way, I could, if she would only stop trotting, make a fair show of having nothing to do with her. I could walk unconcernedly a few yards behind her, as though she were a poodle or a policeman. But as long as I had to run, the most elaborate show of unconcern would deceive no one. The connection between trotting cow and running man was unmistakable. Even if the man was wearing running shorts and carrying the Olympic Torch, he would still, to nine spectators out of ten, be chasing the cow. I did think of passing her and taking up station in line ahead, but doubted whether the picture of Cow Chasing Man was any less funny.

I had come to no conclusion when the cow stopped and looked over her shoulder. I stopped too; it was like Grandmother's Footsteps. But there was a car coming up behind, and whether or not Cow Chasing Man was funnier than Man Chasing Cow, Man Stalking Cow was obviously a knock-out. I walked on. For a moment the car, the cow and I were all abreast. Then the car had gone, and I turned to face the cow.

She was looking at Epsley with undisguised concern, as well, indeed,



"Not a day goes by without somebody noticing it."



"It's for the water pipes."

she might; Epsley is a Scheduled Industrial Development Area. "Look," I said, "I'm sure you're going the wrong way." She rolled her eyes and said nothing. "Shoo," I said. I broke off a small stick from the remnants of the hedge and flourished it at her. She put her head down and looked at me through her long eyelashes. Then, using her back feet as a pivot, she swung her body round in the width of the pavement and set off the way she had come.

I walked behind her, my stick in my hand. A tremendous peace descended suddenly upon me. I plodded, and screwed up my mouth to whistle a stave. Then she turned sharp left and walked across the road.

She was across before I had fully recovered myself. Then I darted

after her, and there was a scream of brakes as a saloon pulled up just short of me. The driver ran his window down and then thought better of it; but a delivery-man, coming up on the other side, cautioned me severely. A coach hung towering above me like the great *San Felipe*, and hundreds of passengers looked down from her decks and laughed. I returned to the pavement and found the cow waiting for me.

Then she was off again, the way she had been going, with me after her. This time I held my stick with a more purposeful grasp. I closed with her stealthily, and was just, I reckoned, within striking distance when the law intervened.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, pushing his goggles up on to the peak of his cap, "would that be your cow?"

"It would not," I said. He

looked at my stick. "I was just taking her back," I said.

"Back where?"

"Back where she came from. She was going to Epsley when I turned her."

He sighed. He said "She's from Epsley. Just had the call."

"All right," I said, "fine. You take her. She's yours."

I threw my stick over the hedge and he parked his bike. "Come on, old girl," he said. I watched them go. After her second dash across the road he drew his truncheon. Then she started to trot. As they went round the bend he started to run. I turned for home. Peace came suddenly upon me for the second time, and I strode along the empty pavement with the brisk, unobstructed walk of the black-coated worker.

P. M. HUBBARD

at the PICTURES

Top Secret—The Snows of Kilimanjaro

THE style of *Top Secret* (Director: MARIO ZAMPI) is familiar and recognizable, but not easy to describe. It is also widely popular; the question is whether you are among those who like it or the minority who are irritated by it. It irritates me most when I am surrounded by a wildly appreciative, delightedly squealing audience—for which, I admit, it is hardly fair to blame any film. There is a good deal here that I found amusing and enjoyable, as well as much that could be described as well-worn facetiousness driven home with a steam-hammer; among the humanizing, sympathetic influences is the personality of GEORGE COLE, whose beaming simplicity refreshes many a mechanical scene. He appears as a plumber, or sanitary engineer (loud laughter) at an Atomic Research Centre, who goes off by mistake (the old wrong-briefcase routine) with the plans of "Project Cataclysm," a new bomb. He is whisked off by the Russians—no inhibitions here, the film not only names the Russians but moves to Moscow and shows Stalin, back view—and, by dint of remaining unusually long in the state of beatific ignorance common to innocent heroes of farce, provides opportunities for enough amusing

situations to satisfy the very numerous customers who like to be quite sure that what they laugh at has been popularly certified to be funny. At the end, of course, there is a

is ostensibly based, except in concerning itself with the recollections of a writer named Harry who lies dying on the plain below Kilimanjaro. He contrives to remember



Potts, a travelling sanitary engineer—GEORGE COLE

(Top Secret)

chase. The characters are all conventional comic types, many of them (for no picture with claims to be satirical will fail to be satirical about bureaucracy) civil service or governmental dummies who appear momentarily for the sake of letting fall some remark which the audience, having heard similar things often before from similar characters in "satirical" films, can delightedly recognize as a typical bureaucratic absurdity. (Compare small children laughing heartily at grown-up jokes about "the politicians.") The picture appears to be inexpensively mounted: there is plenty of back-projection and the scene is set in Moscow by what I took to be a *still* of the Red Square; but in this sort of cheerful facetiousness such pictorial shorthand doesn't matter. One doesn't blame a string of comic gags for not being a credible, emotionally gripping narrative. Some of the gags are cheap, very cheap, but there are some good ones, and it can't be held against the film that most audiences will yell equally loudly at all of them.

mostly experiences that have a kind of dream-like connection with various other Hemingway works: the Paris life and the bullfight from *Fiesta*, the Spanish war experiences from *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the hunting from *Green Hills of Africa* . . . These are all presented in lavish and often pleasing Technicolor. The point of the title is the analogy between the central character and the leopard whose frozen carcass was found on Kilimanjaro: "no one has explained what the leopard was seeking at that altitude." But the way the picture ends seems to imply that the leopard thawed, got up and came home again, ready for anything.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The new Italian one from the director of *Bicycle Thieves* is about the pleasantest thing in London: *Miracolo a Milano*. There is also an enjoyable potted version of *The Pickwick Papers* (26/11/52), as well as the old faithfuls *Golden Marie* or *Casque d'Or* (24/9/52), *Limelight* (29/10/52) and *Kon-Tiki* with *Les Inconnus dans la Maison* (22/10/52).

Best of the new releases I think is *The Turning Point* (29/10/52), a crime story satisfactorily well done.

RICHARD MALLETT



[The Snows of Kilimanjaro]

Helen—SUSAN HAYWARD
Cynthia—AVA GARDNER
Harry—GREGORY PECK
Countess Liz—HILDEGARDE NEFF



Monday, November 24

It must always be a trifle difficult for an experienced executioner to show

House of Commons: Execution Day

any great enthusiasm for his own execution, just as there must almost always be *some* trace of pleasure in the eye of the new wielder of the axe when the executioner becomes (as Whitehall would say) the executee. And so all Members of the House of Commons to-day wore the expressions and uttered the words expected of them by all who have followed Parliamentary affairs for any time.

Mr. HARRY CROOKSHANE, Leader of the House, proposed a time-table (invariably known as a guillotine) for the passing of the Government's Transport Bill. He said he did not like doing it—was, indeed, unhappy—and that it hurt him at least as much as it hurt the Opposition, for he loved free debate and lamented any move to curb it. There was (almost) a sob in his voice—but Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, sitting opposite, smiled cynically and later described Mr. C.'s emotion as "crocodile tears." Yes, added Mr. M., warming to his task, and *humbug and hypocrisy*.

Mr. C. failed to show the agony this thrust doubtless caused him, so Mr. M. tried "dictatorial" as a description of him. Even this failed to pierce the armour of the Leader, who seemed firmly determined to go through with the business, however loud or lachrymose the cries of protest.

His nerve seemed to have been steeled for him by the recollection that Mr. M. had, when himself Leader of the House, used precisely the same methods, precisely the same words and precisely the same arguments to justify his use of the guillotine against Mr. C. and his friends. He gave a long list of comparisons between the inhuman methods of the Labour Government and the far, far better things the Tory Government proposed. Forty-

five hours or more to debate a Bill of thirty-five clauses, for instance, instead of the niggardly seventy-six and a half hours permitted by the late Government for the discussion of its own Transport Bill of one hundred and twenty-seven clauses.

When it came to his turn Mr. M. called this argument one of "acreage" and dismissed it with bitter scorn. Mr. C. (choosing a nice, neutral word) said there had been a "certain dilatoriness" about recent Opposition actions, but Mr. M. stoutly maintained that this right was the basic one of the Parliamentary system, that the Government motion was a "scandalous"

seemed to be a very lively Jinx about.

First, Mr. Speaker granted an Opposition request for an emergency debate on the action in Kenya, which had resulted in several deaths after the police had felt compelled to open fire on a mob. This meant that the debate on the Second Reading of the Bill had to be interrupted for a space of three hours, while the House switched its attention to the other matter. This was in accordance with the best tradition of the House that matters of definite and urgent public importance have priority over all else. But it meant delay to the Steel Bill.

And then, a quarter of an hour after midnight, the Opposition called a "Count" of the House. The customary two minutes passed, with much shouting of "Count!" by the alert police-officers, and much scurrying of Members—some of them (Government supporters) *into* the House, others (Opposition Members) *out* of the House. All this failed to produce the necessary quorum of forty—only twenty-nine assorted M.P.s, in fact, could be seen from the Chair. So, some forty-five minutes before the debate was scheduled to close, it was abruptly ended by the Standing Orders.

Government Whips left looking very thoughtful and with grim expressions that would have perturbed a good many of their absent flock, if only they had been there to see. A few "interviews" in the Whips' Room seemed to be indicated.

In the emergency debate on Kenya Mr. JIM GRIFFITHS, as a former Colonial Secretary, wondered whether some of the measures taken to combat the Mau Mau terrorists were not a shade too severe and repressive, and whether the banning of public meetings, for instance, was not blocking the traditional safety-valve for the blowing-off of steam. But he stressed that Authority had the support of his Party in defending law and order, while making it clear



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Foster
Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State
Commonwealth Relations
(Northwich)

one, an "evil thing," and that the very day was a "scandalous one in the history of our great Parliamentary institution."

The debate then became a series of accusations of the wilful suppression of free speech and counter-accusations of time-wasting. But eventually the guillotine motion was passed by 301 votes to 275, and the *ping!* of the blade will be heard in the land when the Transport Bill again appears on the agenda.

Tuesday, November 25

If the Government Chief Whip believed in bad luck (and of course

House of Commons: A Jinx About

no G.C.W. ever does) Mr. PAT

BUCHAN-HEP-
BURN must have been worried about the prospects of the Government's Bill to de-nationalize the iron and steel industry. For there certainly

that the Opposition were distressed and disturbed by the general trend of Government policy in Kenya.

Mr. OLIVER LYTTELTON, the Colonial Secretary, recalled that the trouble had happened when three young European police-officers and twenty-two Askaris had been set upon by a mob of two thousand Africans, armed with long knives. It was regrettable that firearms had had to be used, but he knew of no other way in which the police could have handled this particular situation. And he expressed the earnest hope that (now that it had the full facts before it) the House would not consider it necessary to carry the issue to a vote. An open division might undermine the forces of law and order and give the impression that they had not the full authority of Parliament behind them.

The whole debate took place in face of a warning by the Prime Minister that it was premature and that it might tend to weaken

the law in Kenya. At its end Mr. GRIFFITHS agreed not to force a vote, even though the Minister refused an official Commission of inquiry into the shooting.

The poor Steel Bill just could not compete with all this, and the debate on it lacked any sort of spring or resilience. And when it ended prematurely, few but the Government Whips seemed prepared to shed any tears.

Wednesday, November 26

When (after a hectic half-hour on the subject of the decontrol of eggs)

House of Commons: More Complications Mr. BUCHAN-

in, he was received with a roar of cheers, followed by a roar of "Resign!" He bore both with equanimity, and when Questions ended Mr. ATTLEE raised with Mr. Speaker the propriety of discussing a formal motion by the Government which would have had the effect of continuing the debate on the Steel Bill at once.

As the House had been counted out, said Mr. A., this did not seem to be right. But Mr. Speaker had been looking up precedents, and ruled that—although unusual—the Government motion was not out of order. Mr. CROOKSHANK, braving another storm of "Resign!", promptly said he did not intend to move it, anyway. This won him a roar of triumph from the Opposition, and he waited patiently for it to die. Then he added, as casual as could be, that the Steel debate would be taken to-morrow, along with *all the rest* of the considerable programme already arranged for that day.

This time the roar of triumph came from his side of the Floor. For a long sitting could mean that Friday's sitting would be "out." And Friday's sitting is scheduled for the Press Council Bill, setting up a Statutory Press Council—which is greatly desired on the Opposition benches. So everybody was left wondering who had won, in the long run.

GUY EDEN



"Just scatter them round the floor. I want the place to look lived-in."



An Italian Straw Hat (OLD VIC)—*The Holy Terrors* (ARTS)

THE freshness of "Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," written by EUGENE LABICHE with MARC-MICHEL a century ago, and revived memorably by René Clair, is proved again at the Old Vic in Mr. THOMAS WALTON's adaptation, *An Italian Straw Hat*. If you like the irresponsible sort of French film as much as I do you can scarcely fail to be delighted by Mr. DENIS CAREY's production, which moves almost at the speed of the cinema and cherishes individually a mob of eccentric characters involved in a tangle of uncommon ingenuity. Most farces are content with one or two peak situations, but here the heaped embarrassments lead on to others as richly furnished and as seemingly endless as the State bedrooms at Windsor Castle.

And it is all so beautifully simple. A young man's horse eats the hat, unique in Paris, of a married woman philandering with an amorous captain; the indignant couple settles in his flat; and until he can find a similar hat his marriage is postponed from hour to hour while he searches desperately, followed through a maze of misunderstanding by his wedding party. The whole thing is like a cumulative nightmare, for at each false trail the wretched youth becomes wilder, his

in-laws more suspicious—Mr. CAREY making excellent use of the guests as a satiric chorus. Mr. MARK LUBBOCK's music is gaily inconsequential, and Mr. ROGER FURSE's decorations in the style of the 'eighties are charming. The dialogue may not be brilliant, but it fits, and the mime alone would be worth a visit to the Old Vic.

Looking strangely like Chaplin, Mr. LAURENCE PAYNE carries the main burden with untiring verve and resource. Of a number of noteworthy caricatures Mr. NEWTON BLICK's rustic father-in-law, Mr. WILLIAM SQUIRE's deaf uncle, Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS' choleric captain, Mr. PETER FINCH's deceived husband and Mr. PAUL ROGERS' patriotic dotard are all in the first flight. The last of these is, to me, convulsively funny.

This week I am unrepentantly out of step with most of my fellow-critics. Lukewarm over the Labiche, they found in the Cocteau at the Arts virtues which I failed to discover. *The Holy Terrors*, translated by Mr. EDWARD O. MARSH, is a dexterous piece of verbal juggling which gives Miss FAY COMPTON a fat part splendidly taken, but it struck me as tiresomely artificial. The author has set himself to show

against the glamour of a play theatrically about the stage, the unconventional possession by a great actress of unalloyed virtue combined with quite inhuman tolerance and generosity; and perhaps I might have been more startled if I could have accepted her behaviour. She and her husband are famous for their devotion, but a young actress's



The Holy Terrors
Esther Ladoux—Miss FAY COMPTON

impudent pretence of being his mistress so shakes her confidence that she invites the child to stay, and fosters a liaison. It had to happen, she says afterwards, when the little tiger-cat has retired growling to Hollywood, and therefore the sooner the better, which seemed phenomenally silly in such a sensible woman. For most of the play we are left guessing at her true motives. Even Miss COMPTON at the top of her form failed to lull my doubts, and as the intruder Miss MARCIA ASHTON bared her claws so lethally that Mr. BALLARD BERKELEY, who took the husband, never seemed fully to recover. For one scene, however, I forgive M. COCTEAU and salute Mr. JOHN FERNALD, the producer—a radio interview superbly satirized by Miss NOEL HOOD and Mr. ALEC McCOWEN.

Recommended

For light excursions try *Love from Judy* (Saville), a musical, *Wild Horses* (Aldwych), a Travers farce, and *Ring Out the Bells* (Victoria Palace), the Crazy Gang.

ERIC KROWN



Nonancourt—Mr. NEWTON BLICK

Paduan—Mr. LAURENCE PAYNE

Taconnier—Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS



Booking Office



Warfare

One of Our Submarines. Commander Edward Young, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.V.R. *Rupert Hart-Davis, 18/-*

H.M. Submarines. Lieut-Commander P. K. Kemp, R.N. *Herbert Jenkins, 18/-*

Illyrian Venture. Brigadier "Trotsky" Davies, D.S.O., M.C. *The Bodley Head, 18/-*

Flames in the Sky. Pierre Clostermann, D.F.C. *Chatto and Windus, 12/6*

THAT the most complex of modern naval vessels should be nearest, in its roving freedom, to the old corsair is a nice paradox of evolution. The submarine is a fearsome box of tricks, and its commanding officer, usually a very young man, has to take immensely responsible decisions with split-second efficiency in conditions that must strike the landsman as appalling. *One of Our Submarines* gives a picture of life in them during the war that treats danger so quietly and modestly that in reading we almost surrender to its routine ourselves. In this exciting book, which may well prove the under-water classic, Commander Edward Young writes prose that matches the variety and tensions of a tremendous story and is sensitive to beauty. Coming to submarines as an amateur, he had his own command by 1943, and took *Storm* with great success to the Arctic Circle and the Far East. An existence which revolved round such normal English pivots as a daily newspaper, ludo and afternoon tea was lived in a small steel tube that behaved outrageously in rough weather. But with the appearance of a smudge on the horizon life could switch in a moment to the grimly fantastic. After

the nervous strain of an attack on the enemy followed the horror, casually hinted at, of lying submerged in absolute silence while depth-charges rained round the half-inch hull. Commander Young never once saw his torpedoes explode, and for this reason gun actions, such as *Storm's* epic in Port Owen, were more popular. The extreme discomfort of the life had its own special compensations; one was the first magic breath of fresh air on surfacing in the evening, but the greatest seems to have been the close intimacy of friendship and shared danger. *One of Our Submarines* is so compelling that it makes us feel we have shared the long adventure. It also leaves us beginning to understand how much we owe to the surpassing gallantry of these crews.

The history of the submarine is more amusing than you might expect. For centuries backroom engineers have been after the idea. A Dutch doctor demonstrated an early model in the Thames to the surprise of James the First, and Robert Fulton, an American, drove Napoleon into ecstasies with his antics in the Seine. *H. M. Submarines*, by the Admiralty Archivist, Lieut-Commander P. K. Kemp, is a timely pendant to Commander Young's book, and an excellent historical sketch which includes accounts of the major exploits of our submarines in both wars.

A week of good battle books brings an interesting addition to cloak-and-dagger sagas. In 1943 the late Brigadier "Trotsky" Davies parachuted into Albania as the leader of a British mission, with the object of persuading the various partisans to fight the Germans with the arms perilously dropped by the R.A.F. instead of using them against one another. This proved impossible. Our officers were as irritated by the Albanian habits of loosing off precious ammunition at weddings and funerals, and of singing tumultuous choruses as a prelude to surprise night attacks, as the Albanian Communists were suspicious of the royal titles of British regiments. After a grim winter of frustration, living rough in savage cold, the Brigadier was wounded and captured, and spent the rest of the war in S.S. prisons. Famous for his robust personality, he wrote of his gruelling experiences with great humour in *Illyrian Venture*.

And the air is not forgotten. M. Pierre Clostermann, the Free French ace and author of "The Big Show," is anxious lest the heroism of individual pilots be submerged by all the vast documentation of the war. *Flames in the Sky*, which tells vividly the stories of outstanding feats on different fronts, should help to keep the balance. Sometimes the omniscience of the fiction-writer creeps in, but in the main the book is carefully factual. Perhaps its most enthralling chapter is that describing how an American squadron hunted Admiral Yamamoto, Japan's master-tactician, to his death.

ERIC KEOWN



Robert Browning. Betty Miller. *John Murray*, 21/-.

This is neither a full-scale biography of Browning nor a detailed criticism of his poetry, but a learned and quick-witted presentation of an original, and at first sight fanciful, theory. Mrs. Miller has supported her intuitive understanding with a great deal of new material, including suppressed portions of the correspondence. She has a wonderful eye for the psychologically revealing quotation and a very wide knowledge of contemporary memoirs. Readers who have a stage-struck picture of a enfeebled athlete sweeping through the sick-room like W. G. Grace on his rounds and snatching the sleeping beauty away from the beast, will be startled by this picture of a Browning supported, enslaved and sterilized by the stronger will of Elizabeth Barrett. He even made her look up the trains for the elopement. Mrs. Miller is at her subtle best in painting the gradual disillusionment. This is a good book by a very good writer. B. G. G. P.

Why Waterloo? A. P. Herbert. *Methuen*, 15/-.

It is Sir Alan Herbert's way to challenge assumptions which most of us meekly accept. When, therefore, he asks himself *Why Waterloo?* he finds his answer not in Napoleon's insatiable lust for power but in the scurvy conduct of the Allies. Had these kept faith, he asserts, the Man of Destiny—his admiration for whom halts hardly this side idolatry—would have been content to end his days as the benevolent despot of a tiny Mediterranean island. That this is a highly debatable thesis in no way detracts from one's enjoyment of a very spirited piece of historical reconstruction, in which documentation, invention and polemic are fused into coherence by the exercise of an unfaltering imagination. If Napoleon himself is a little too good to be true and poor Sir Neil Campbell more roughly handled than perhaps he deserved, Marie Walewska, in her intermittent and furtive appearances, makes a flawless heroine, and the enchanting Pauline adds grace and entertainment to the scene. F. B.

Came to Oxford. Gertrude Bone. Illustrated by Muirhead Bone. *Blackwell*, 30/-.

It was Pepys who came to Oxford and found it "a very sweet place"; and there are still people alive who have made the same discovery. Even now, if you emerge at dusk in what Disraeli called cat's-light, you can dream yourself out of the twentieth century with a choice of architectural backgrounds. The artist's is an even greater range of uncontaminated beauty. He can dodge all the vandalism. And one cannot imagine a happier monument to Oxford than Mrs. Muirhead Bone's folio, if only her husband's sympathetic and distinguished illustrations had not in some cases been embellished with misleading colour. Oxford's stone, and most of its stucco, is the ochre-tinted grey of the Cotswolds; and the collogravure's passion for pinkish sepia makes the High blush like a thoroughfare in Dublin. But the book offers quite enough "penny

plain" masterpieces—like "Anthony Wood's House, Merton Street"—to render it, even apart from the fascinating erudition of its essays, an enviable possession.

H. P. E.

SHORTER NOTES

Many Are Called. Edward Newhouse. *Gollancz*, 15/- Short stories of real merit, most of them from *The New Yorker*. Expert, highly-polished sketches of the American Way of Life—Third Avenue, Metropolitan, small town and army. At times too much action and incident strain the structure of these fragments and challenges the reader's credulity, but the collection is consistently illuminating and entertaining.

Child of the Ballet. Odette Joyeux. Translated by Arnold L. Haskell. *Wingate*, 15/- Life within the walls of the Paris Opera, as seen by a child dancer. Mr. Haskell's translation has vividness and atmosphere, though with patches of verbal fog. Louis Legrand's collotypes of chubby ballet-dancers are charming; but in feeling as well as period they are unrelated to the often unhappy *petit rat* who flickers through the text.

Don't Look Round. Violet Trefusis. *Hutchinson*, 16/- The Reminiscences of Mrs. George Keppel's daughter. Carries an atmosphere of Edwardian luxury, gaiety and wit unimpaired through two wars. Will help to satisfy the present thirst for inside information about Highlife. Mrs. Trefusis lives in France and her picture of Parisian society is fascinating, though possibly not quite in the way she intends. She has a good eye for country and an entertaining pen, but she is often trivial and gushing, especially over the pedigrees of friends. Her book is, in parts, a curious blend of Miss Nancy Mitford and Lady Fortescue.

A King Reluctant. Vaughan Wilkins. *Cape*, 12/6. The author combines his solution of the mystery of the young King Louis XVII of France with another historical puzzle—the landing of a French Expeditionary force in Wales; gives us some rattling good characters; and adds a charming study of a child—the little King. It is all alive and readable.

Seven Royal and Ancient Burghs of Scotland. John Bowman and Robert Adam. *Chantry Publications*, 12/6. Too much tried in too little. Perth, St. Andrews, Falkland are adequately covered; Dunfermline barely so; Edinburgh, Stirling, Linlithgow not. Little of novelty to the Scot, though the visitor will derive instruction. Letterpress unpretentious, discursive, factual, not always accurate or grammatical; one fine illustration, the rest unenterprising.

Wines of France. Alexis Lichine. *Cassell*, 21/-. Extremely clear and comprehensive survey of French vineyards, including many minor ones, by a grower and exporter. All aspects covered, in a practical and friendly style that is often amusing. Few amateurs can fail to learn much from this delightful book. Good maps.



"We adored Florence—real cream in the cafés."



CHRISTMAS BOOKS for older children

THIS year's heavy crop of fiction has the usual proportion of trashy adventure stories in which brats defeat criminals only slightly more unpleasant than themselves. There are exceptions, and M. Pardoe's *Bunkle* keeps his usual good manners while he helps his Scottish cousins to track down poachers, who are so original as to use a hearse for transport. *Bunkle's Brainware* (Routledge, 8/6) is exciting reading, and so is Adrian Seligman's *A Mountain of Gold* (Hodder and Stoughton, 9/6), a continuation of the adventures of the Kennedy family and their Breton friends. The story may be over-romanticized (they meet danger in Spain, and adventure with an enchanting donkey boy), but that doesn't matter since there is such quality in the telling and in the formed characters of the children. In *Hidden in a Dream* (Collins, 8/6) Monica Edwards keeps up her reputation as an author who takes pains over her settings (this time in the Romney Marshes), her not unlikely plots and the human children who enjoy themselves as much as their readers will. A family spends a holiday in an old Martello tower, a boy is concussed and can't remember an important event till nearly too late. Don't be put off by the rather alarming jacket. *The Spirit of Punchbowl Farm* (same author, publisher, price and quality) is the story of an old yew tree, and the problem of how it can be spared and cattle protected when fencing is so expensive. But that is not all the story. In *On Stage Please* (Collins, 8/6) Joan Selby-Lowndes describes the hard work of children at a Stage School and the rather too swift metamorphosis of the heroine from an

impertinent chit to an embryo actress. As her readers will expect, Rhoda Power's *Redcap Runs Away* (Cape, 9/6) is a first-rate historical story. The little son of a fourteenth-century village blacksmith joins some wandering minstrels, and journeys with them on a quest of his own. The old stories told by the players are set, like bright patterns, into the lovely fabric of the book. It is as fresh as morning, and the quoted saying of Marie de France, "It is no light thing to tell a goodly tale," makes the best comment on it. There are several excellent books about real people, and *Men Who Found Out* (Bodley Head, 9/6), by Amabel Williams-Ellis, is one of the best. She writes about discoverers—Galileo, Faraday, Darwin, Pasteur, Lister, etc. It is a book to stimulate curiosity and is an antidote to the take-it-for-granted attitude. So is *The Railway Builders* (Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6), by Emmeline Garnett, who tells the life stories of George Stephenson, who began life as a pit-boy at nine years old, and invented the famous "Rocket" (cost not to exceed £550), and his son Robert, who became an M.P. The book is as excitingly written as a thriller. In *The House in the Sea* (Harrap, 8/6) W. H. Wood describes the building of the Eddystone Lighthouse and a great fight against local opposition. *Builder and Dreamer* (Bodley Head, 9/6), by Laurence Meynell, is about another famous father and son—Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who designed the Great Western Railway with the Saltash Bridge and the Clifton Suspension Bridge, and his father, a ship-designer and naval block-maker, who decided to make good boots for our Army when he saw it coming ashore after fighting in the Peninsular campaigns. Eleanor Graham's *The Story of Charles Dickens* (Methuen, 10/6), written with grace, humanity and insight, seasoned with scholarship, is a book to be kept for ever alongside Dickens' own books. *Judy's and Andrew's Puppet Book* (Faber, 6/6), by Muriel Goaman, illustrated by Isolene Mermagen, tells how to make glove and string puppets, and toy theatres for them. The directions are clear enough, but the work sounds difficult. Antonia Ridge's *Jas Klaassen Cures the King* (Faber, 8/6), illustrated by Barbara Freeman, is an enchanting old Dutch story, which is a puppet play as well. Before it was cured, the King's "headache" was so bad that it reached right down to his toes. The book is not only for puppet-makers but for younger readers. So, perhaps, though it should be loved by all, is the latest book about a supreme character—*Mary Poppins in the Park* (Peter Davies, 9/6), by P. L. Travers, with glorious illustrations by Mary Shepard.

B. E. BOWER



SNAX AT JAX

XVI

THE policeman measured his way to the counter.

"You the proprietor of the establishment known as Jax Snax?" he asked.

Jack paused uneasily in his rubbing down.

"Aasright," he said. "You know that, well as I do. Waseup!"

"Gissa cuppa char, then," said the policeman. "I'm perished."

"Woor!" said Jack, releasing his pent-up lungs. "Comin' the old acid. You 'ad me jumpin', Ned. Sauce."

"Rain," said the policeman gloomily. "Thought we 'ad our share Sundy."

"You wait, mate," said Jack, imparting a furious circular motion to the tea as he passed it over. "See old Fergy get driven in in a jiff."

There was a despairing cry outside of "Whitstable cockle! Awfresh boi-ooed!" and the dying noises of a motor-cycle engine.

"Wad I tell you?" asked Jack. "Aye, aye, Fergy! All right for you, is it?"

The cockle man pushed in, dripping and sniffing.

"Tricycle arrangement of mine," he said, banging his cap dry on his knee. "Wanta mendin' with a noo one. My brown boots up the snob's and all. These I got on let the water in wicked. Cor, I dunno. Still."

He sniffed ineffectively.

"'Allo," he said. "Arm of the old law. Jovial British rozzer 'olds back the 'appy crowds. Just up your street, Ned, weight you're gettin'."

The policeman inhaled some tea.

"Us blokes don't get so much of that," he said. "Much more pickin' up old 'Ginger' Wein, that tailor 'Igh Street way, three Satdys runnin', crawlin' 'ome 'ands and knees from the boozers."

"'Ere," said the cockle man. "Reminds me of a joke I 'eard. This bloke comes up to his mate, and says 'Ere,' 'e says, 'gissa fag, tosh,' 'e says. 'Is mate says 'No, I

can't; I on'y got two.' 'E says 'Thassall right,' 'e says, 'I on'y want one.'"

It was received in dead silence.

"I dunno that's so funny, that," said Jack. "You often get blokes only 'ave coupla-three fags and blokes come on their ear like that. 'Course they can't give 'em any, really, can they?"

The cockle man sighed.

"All right, all right," he said. "Any pies, then?"

"Pork and rabbit, those," said Jack, displaying some rather large and dilute specimens. "Very nice filling, really."

The cockle man looked dubious.

"Nature in the rawr," he said diffidently. "What they taste of? Parafseen?"

"Suit yerself, Fergy, cock," said Jack, whisking them huffly away. "Ned'll tell yer. All straight up, legal. Many a 'ungry geezer be glada these."

"You want to introduce 'em to that old geezer down the libr'y readin' room always writin' letters to the papers with that dictionary," said the cockle man. "Steads them sandwiches 'e always takes in. 'Ere," he went on, "what d'you reckon I seen in the dictionary?"

"Summin' rude, I bet," said Jack.

"Floeci - nauci - nihili - pilification," said the cockle man, slowly. "What you reckon that means?"

"Well, what?" said Jack.

"I forgot," said the cockle man. "Still." He re-sniffed.

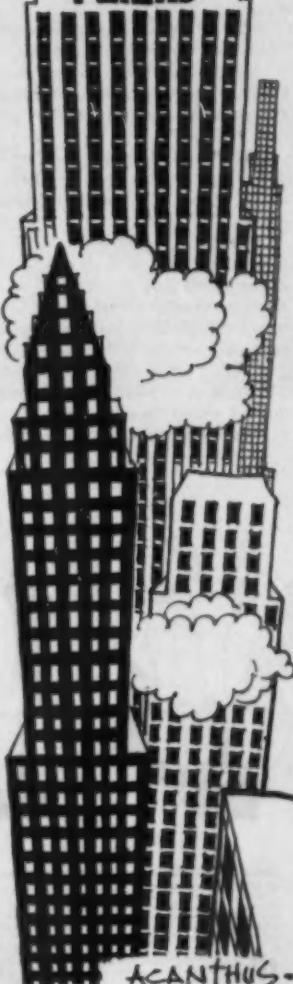
The policeman stirred slightly.

"Watch yer language," he said cautionarily. "Else's about somewhere."

"Just shows yer," said Jack. "I don't 'old with all this keep on readin', really speakin'. Can't never seemta find the time. Look 'ow it gets yer. Sandwiches up the public libr'y. If it was me librarian I'd sort that bloke out, I tell yer. Puddin', Ferg?"

"When I've 'ad me other," said the cockle man. "Always tryin' to more or less rush a bloke. Same as Thursdy fortnight back. 'Ere's me, 'avin' this bath; bloke knocks at the door. 'Course, I 'oller'd out. No notice. I come to the winder—oo,

**NEW YORK
WELCOMES
CAREFUL
FLIERS**



cold it was, too. Wicked. Perishin'. I 'oller'd out the winder. 'Ere, turn it up, china,' I 'oller'd—you got me! 'Arf out, I was, all steamin'."

"Yer," said Jack, "I'm wiv ya."

"Yer, well," said the cockle man. "Seems it's old Les, next door but three, wants a chisel. I says 'Chisel!' I says. 'What size chisel?' Then 'e starts on some long explainin' caper about this plaster 'e's chippin' off in the wash'ouse, and I start off sneezin'. Proper knock-out. Cold. I near-enough still got it."

"Les?" asked the policeman. "Les who? Whereabouts was this?"

"Bloke on a bike, gen'r'ly," said Fergy. "Carries a piano-accordion wiv a sorta corduroy trilby 'at. Goes buskin'."

"Oh," said the policeman, nodding weightily with his tongue in his cheek. "Les. Up the Hippodrome queues. Oh, Les."

"Oh, Les," said Jack. "Got some kinda song of 'is own—
We was forty days at sea
When we struck a Christmas tree . . .
Summink about a wooden leg it goes on. Laugh."

"Yer," said the cockle man. "I was that aery-ated when I come down I sorted 'im out proper."

"You oughta run 'im in, though,

Ned," said Jack. "Honest. Is voice. Proper imposition it is, like that song you 'ear on the wahliss: 'They laugh and they sing and are terrible'—always puts me in mind of old Les, that. And, 'course, all this borrowing tools and that. Nobody won't play with 'im, 'e's such a perishin' nuisance."

"Still," said the cockle man. "'E's got to keep payin' the instalments on that box of teeth 'e plays. Forty-five nicker that was, 'e tells me."

"Hoo," gasped Jack. "I'll 'ave a dozen."

"Proper boy 'e is," observed the

cockle man. "Still," he sniffed. "Must be orf, I s'pose."

The policeman got up too, and they went to the door.

"After you, Claude," said the cockle man, stepping aside, and then called to the world outside: "Eyes down, look in! Comes the law!"

"Turn it up," said the policeman urgently. "Get me in trouble, comin' in unofficial, on'y it was that perishin' cold. Tara, my old Jack."

"Cheeroh, Ned boy," said Jack. "Suck a peppermint and it won't notice!"

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6 6

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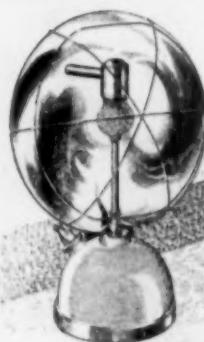
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"Standing inside!" I shouted. "There's a traffic jam—and you feel like a passenger on a crawling bus. When you get constipated like that," I said, "the only thing for you is bulk."

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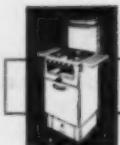
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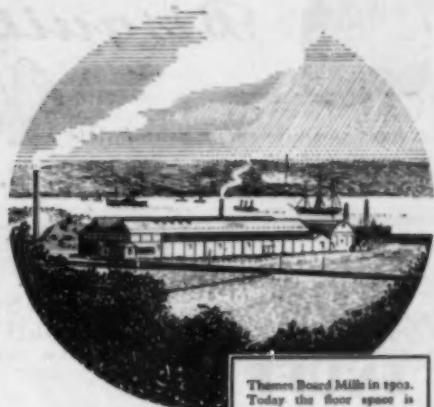
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A charming room—and, like most successful bedroom schemes, its charm begins with the bedcover. Vantona Court Bedcovers are a sure basis for a bedroom scheme of elegance and character. Particularly if you use an extra bedcover for matching curtains. They wash and wash and do not crease in use. Modern and traditional designs, each in Pacific Blue, Lime Green, Coral Pink or Honey.

FREE: Invasion of Elegance, a new book on bedroom and bathroom dcor, from Dept. 10, Vantona Household Advice Bureau, 107 Portland Street, Manchester 1.



**VANTONA
Court
BEDCOVERS**

Heal's

Presents for
Particular People

With five floors of presents to choose from, you can do your Christmas shopping for all the family and find gifts to please your most exacting friends. Then give yourself a well-deserved reward — enjoy morning coffee, lunch or tea in Heal's Restaurant, fully licensed.

* You will find some unusual gifts in our
Craftsman's Market on the fourth floor.

HEAL & SON LTD., 196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1. Museum 1665

I never miss!

says **PAUL**

THE KITCHEN CUPID

Just take one peep at a Paul Stainless Steel Kitchen and he's got you! Write today for "Paul's Prospectus."

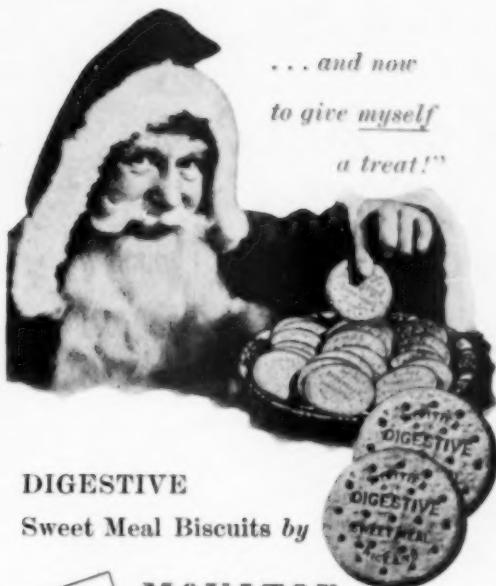


You'll fall for

PAUL
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DIGESTIVE

Sweet Meal Biscuits by

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M'VITIE & PRICE LIMITED
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

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in ½ lb.
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ELECTRIC 'ALL-OVER-THE-BED' **SAFETY** BLANKET

Enjoy the luxury of a warm bed all through the Winter. A Windak Blanket is put over the mattress, the special heating elements covering the whole bed. A Windak can be slept on because the mains current is passed through a transformer, changing it to a low voltage which is perfectly harmless. The elements can be replaced very simply, if ever necessary, giving the Windak extremely long life.

We shall be pleased to forward
the name of your nearest stockist

WINDAK LTD. WOODSIDE POYNTON CHESHIRE

JNA.372

A black and white illustration featuring a grandfather clock on the left and a framed picture on the right. The picture depicts two boys, one in a top hat, and is labeled 'ORIGINAL TWO BOYS' and 'COPYRIGHTED TRADE MARK'. Below the picture is the year '1836-1952'. The text 'Steady Service down the years' is written in a cursive script across the middle. At the bottom, the word 'Riggs' is written in a large, stylized, decorative font, with 'S H E E S' underneath. A small note at the bottom left reads: 'As you require for Riggs, Three Day delivery and for more of what is to be had elsewhere—'.

RIGGS BROS LTD. 36 GATSBURY ST. PETERSFIELD.



Give **MINIBRIX**

Registered and Patented throughout the World

You're sure to please if you give MINIBRIX! These realistic all-rubber bricks, with their simple self-locking device,★ enable boys and girls to construct a never-ending variety of splendid models. Made in sets to suit all ages, MINIBRIX are hygienic, unbreakable, practically everlasting. An educational gift that will bring hours of enjoyment to the lucky boy or girl.



★ Press the studs of one brick into the holes of next. The bricks lock firmly together and stay joined until easily pulled apart.

From leading stores and toy-shops. Write for descriptive leaflet and price list. Sets from 30/- to £21, plus purchase tax.

PREMO RUBBER CO. LTD., PETERSFIELD, HANTS, ENGLAND.

A man in a dark suit and tie stands on the left, holding a speech bubble with both hands. Inside the bubble, the text reads: "WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS?". To the right of the man is a Philips electric shaver, which is connected by a wavy line to a banner that reads "HERE IT IS!". The shaver has a black zippered case and a silver shaving head with a circular base. The entire advertisement is framed by a decorative border with holly leaves and berries.

A PHILISHAVE offers the easiest, pleasantest method of shaving humanly possible. No soap-and-water mess. No cuts. No trouble. And the special action of the all-round shaving head, with its unique six-bladed *rotary* action, gives the cleanest, quickest, smoothest dry shave ever.

For AC/DC mains, 100-250v—plugs into lighting point, if desired. With smart zip-fastener case, £6.19.6 (tax paid).

PHILIPS PHILISHAVE
ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER

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